

WIRED

Pram

Fantastic voyagers

MICHAEL GIRA
BURIAL
HARRY PARTCH
MICHAEL BRACEWELL
ON ROXY MUSIC

Bruno Ponsato
Anir ElSaffar
Lionel Marchetti
David Ellis

THE WIRE 256 DECEMBER 2007
ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC
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Photo photographed by Tom Jones

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The Wire's new website is now online



The Wire website has had a facelift. In fact, it's had a complete overhaul to create a full search feature, cross-linked information and a brand new content upload system.

You can now subscribe to our newsletters to get information on when new titles are added to the site. You can click through to a back issue and link to a host of related systems, including web exclusives from Sears and Roebuck. You can go shopping while browsing via our new shopping cart system, and get in touch with us direct through the new contact form. All members of this site will be added to and enhanced over the coming months.

Letters

Write to: Letters, *The Wire*, 23 Jack's Place, 8 Corbet Place, London E1 8NN
fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011, email letters@thewire.co.uk



Lorea Gaspar

Art and soul

An interesting article on the legendary Lorea Gaspar (*The Wire* 288), mostly for all the aspects that it alludes to and leaves out rather than those on the obvious brilliance of the work of the man himself. No amount of journalistic wordplay or imagery could equal the fact that one can instantly recognise her sound, no matter how delicate or intricate, wild and delayed, whether it is with fellow (much louder, possibly better) improvisers or by herself. As for her endeavours in art, some of which are rarely if ever seen (including some limited edition vinyl books and sculpture prints, which was always given in great numbers to be seen to be believed. Most of all, the music of Lorea Gaspar is, in fact, if one can use that word these days, and at the heart of it, it reveals to us a most truly beautiful soul.

Raymond Jose B. Masad Nigreso via email

Dead ends

Reading Andrew Green's letter (*The Wire* 288), I felt compelled to comment and add my own feelings regarding the burgeoning improvisation/dance upstarts of the past five years. I wasn't at the Colson Out Of Sight event that Green refers to, but I was wholly empathetic with his feelings. Having been at one point enthralled and delighted by the ever-growing population of improvisation/dance groups and artists, mostly flapping their wings via limited edition CD-R labels, I now find myself bored to the point of rigor mortis.

The tasting point for me came a few years back at Glasgow's CCA during the Subculture Festival, witnessing The Virgin Eye Blood Brothers' live, half-assed meanderings between guitar, oscillator and keyboard, hardly crying any attention to one another and seemingly ad-libbing to create anything other than a greyish glass of bland sound goo. It was utterly boring, to an offensive extent. Wandering sound techs trying to fix an amp before the performance actually combined more artistic merit and rounded better than this godawful act. Since

then the disinterest has continued unabated, enduring show-bizish meanderings, acts at the Music Lovers' Field Companion Festival in Gateshead from the likes of Gotsche, Aufgeboren, Polenscher, Los Gossendence and Acolution (not forgetting the continued recording output of groups such as Yellow Swans, Double Lycopods, Skaters, Hologram in a/c, taking the hapless Frankfurt approach beyond any logical conclusion).

In fairness it should be pointed out that there have been some stunning highlights at both Subculture and Music Lovers' Field Companion Festivals, though an amusing act by Diamond Gales or Gu De Sea might not go quite far enough to make up for something as truly terrible as My Cat Is An Alien.

My point is that an amount of beautifully crafted, articulate pieces of artistic justification can make up for the fact that the majority of the music I hear on the large pub/venue scene is just plain awful. It's not so much that it is 'just noise', more that it is just plain and simply boring, and no amount of limited edition headbust CD-R packages or passionate sales from *The Wire*'s editors and various one-page chat.

Mark Falconer Macclesfield, France

Positive approach to hardcore

I found Thurston Moore's record cover piece to be amusing and informative about American hardcore (*The Inner Sleeve: The Wire* 288). It's brilliant to read such a knowledgeable insider account. I also thought his criticism of ATP last year was brilliant. I had a great time. *The Wire* needs to do a Primer on American hardcore influences. It would be great to read someone's views on late period Black Flag, Melvins, Riggs, Mission Of Burma and Raging, as well as the earlier bands, Minor Threat, Negative Approach... I saw one Thurston on the case.

Zanele Gushikondo via email

Not a total disaster

I have just read Ken Hoefling's review of my recent book *Living Electronic Music* (Point Blank, *The Wire*

288). What pains me off most about this harsh job is that while, if I accept the endless criticism against the style of the book – my "lack of imagination", the "superficial and diffused" result, "too many fascinations", "dry understated rambling" etc. etc – I suspect that not once in the entire review is the reader made any the wiser whatsoever as to what the book is actually about.

Each of the six chapters deals with a different view of 'live electronics' – but you wouldn't know that reading that. There is only a cobbled together sentence from the cover blurb (and the clip at the cover image is a bit rich... don't judge a book by its... etc). The content is apparently shorn without anyone being aware of it. I am an outsider and I'm proud of it. Many of the questions and issues discussed have come from my students over the years and what they have composed, performed, discussed, challenged. I agree with him on one thing, though, the final quote from Matschie is spot on: "Music without live, however, is a total disaster" – something the book basically advocates. But he didn't say this.

Simon Emersons London, UK

Difficult listening

Re *The Wire* 288: I've just read Keith Molloy's assertion that Lou Reed's "Inimically Unlovable" *Mosses/Melons* Music is no more difficult than, say, Pappa & En's *No Pussyfooting*. Well, and indeed, alas. That's the most laughable thing you've printed since David "Inimically Weary" Toop compared Frank Zappa to Jim Dineen.

Daniel 'DJ Volebeeder' Reed No address given

Connections

Issue 288: Apologies to DM's Al Casanova for misidentifying him as Matt Pike in the picture accompanying the review of *Pigeonhole* in Soundcheck. In *On Screen*, DVD released the 28 To Life: The Life And Times Of John Sinclair DVD not Moles, as stated. Nick Southgate, not Keith Molloy, reviewed *Reichenbachs* on *Sleeper* DVD.



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EXTRAS



MIDNIGHT
DISTANCE ISN'T DEAD



JONO LERMAN
NIGHT FALLS OVER
NORTHALA



REAL
REAL



MICK
NO GO THROUGH
THE PRISONER



JAMES: MEMORY
& THE MACHINE



THE NATIONAL
BOXER



LANCE: SCHIZOID
SCHIZOID



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OF BREAD



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WHAT ISN'T IT



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Bitstream News and more from under the radar

David Ayler



David Ayler, the trumpet-playing younger brother of saxophonist Albert Ayler, died on 21 October following a sudden heart attack. He was 65. Donald's buzzing, dissonant trumpet playing, which was part Holy Rolla premier, part avant garde freeband, was an integral component in the groups led by Albert during 1965-69, announcing the seismic mood of such landmark recordings of the new jazz as *Sprinter*, *Pyotes*, *Bella*, *Live At Greenwich Village* and *Love Day*. In 1967 Donald, who was born on 5 October 1902 in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, had what he referred to as a "nervous breakdown". In fact he had suffered from mental illness for most of his life. This factor, coupled with his smoking from life, brother's group circa 1960, and then Albert's mysterious death in 1970, effectively forced him to quit music for good (although in the early 80s he did re-emerge briefly to work with a new group in Florence, Italy). Donald appeared as Kuiper Callin's recent documentary *My Name Is Albert Ayler* where he spoke movingly and eloquently about the music he and his brother had made together four decades earlier. He died at the care home in Northfield, Ohio where he had been resident for some time.

Avent rock pioneers **My Bloody Valentine** are reported to have reformatted and are planning new material, according to recent interviews with Karen Stohr. "We are 100 per cent going to make another *My Bloody Valentine* record," he is quoted as saying, and an album planned for next year is reported to feature material from as far back as 1993, as well as "a little bit of new stuff." The Irish group left Christian Records in 1992 and signed to Island, but never completed an album for their new label. Subsequent national touring members of the group has been sporadic, with Karen Stohr collaborating with Ronni Schemm on the album *XOTMTR* and Cui Hent and contributing four tracks to the soundtrack of Sofia Coppola's *Lost In Translation*.

Musician, artist and writer **Charles Nodding** (born Charles Martin Simon, died at his home on 29 October). He released *The Psychodisc: Sculptures Of Charles Nodding* as John Fahey's Tokalon label in 1982, and he was known in the visual art world for his "Disquodiscs" – gutter sculptures made from American cars. An anthology of his music, *40 Years Of The Dog*, compiling a host of private recordings, cassette releases and singles, is scheduled for release on the De Sol label early next year. He was also a prolific writer of books and nonfiction under his real name.

Forthcoming album news: **Hick Case & The Red Seeds** release *Dig, Lovers, Dig!* on 3 March 2008. Recorded in Richmond, UK, it features a line-up including Cave, Mick Harvey and Warren Ellis. **And Vicious: The Real** follow up 2005's *Closed Extensive Fusion* with a new album, *Awake! The Wave And Tides*, the first 1300 copies of which come in an eight-page book-bound case. The group will be touring Europe throughout late November and early December.

Jacqueline Bryson, aka **Lady Joyce Bryson P-Orridge**, keyboardist, singer and wife of Genesis P-Orridge, died on 9 October 2007 after a battle against stomach cancer. A member of the reinvigorated *Psychic TV*, Lady Joyce was born in 1968 and met and married the former *Throbbing Gristle* member in 1982, the couple then embarking upon collective surgery to merge their separate halves into a single androgynous being they called *Bryson P-Orridge*.

Electro(s)es



After nearly ten years together, post-rock unit **Electro(s)es** have announced they are taking an indefinite break from recording and performing. Formed in Brighton in the late 90s, the group, which includes The Wire writer Iain Clarke, self-produced albums such as 2004's *The Power Out* and 2006's *Arise*, both recorded by Steve Albini. In May 2002 they released *No Shreds, No Cells*.

Michigan group and former 4AD label artists **Mt. Helix** are *Alive* have recorded a tribute to Merz Brown, the American saxophonist who appeared on albums such as John Coltrane's *Ascension*

and Arthur Shlager's *Five Music*, and whose last work includes discs for the Impulse! and ECM labels. Entitled *Sweet Earth Flowers*, the album was originally conceived as a single concert at the University of Michigan Museum of Art in 2004. Performed by an ensemble including members of Norma and Jambula, the disc features Mt. Helix. Brown compositions from albums such as *Genesis Recollections* and *Sweet Earth Rising*.

Alan Watts and **Psychid Belknap** have been invited to create a musical and visual performance on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of Marshall, Germany. Based on the city's grid pattern and symmetric structure, the resulting piece was premiered by Alan Watts. *Psychid Belknap* and 12 members of *The Ensemble Modern* on 16 November at Stadt Museum. Meanwhile a new *Sixtymeter* collaboration with guitarist *Christopher Willis* and *David Jones* Five has just been released. Described as a "sublime soundtrack for this core" it is out now in Japan on the *Commensal* label. It will be released elsewhere in the world by 12th early next year.

On 26 June 2008, 40 years to the day that British folk pioneers *Peasbloss* played in London's Royal Festival Hall for the live archives of their double album *Sweet Child*, the groups original line-up will return to the venue. Ben Jash, John Ransome, Jacqui McEne, David Thompson and Terry Cox will appear to perform and celebrate their legacy.

Wendy Sparo, an installation by British-based artist *Jack Sholder*, has been exhibited in the New Media category of the British Computer of the Year Awards 2007. The work, incorporating ambient field recordings of buildings in the UK with panoramic video footage of their empty spaces, was reviewed in *The Wire* 237.

Dates and line-ups have been announced for the second annual **BL00K Weekend**, to be held in Pont's Holiday Park, at Kemistry in Norfolk. The bill includes performances from Underground Resistance, Black Dog, Mayday and Knut and *Spencer* plus DJs including Saul/Dave, Justin Allieu and Dean Clarke. The festival runs over three days from 16-18 March 2008, with onsite cheap accommodation: www.bl00kweekend.com

The tenth installment of *Sonic Arts Network* a CD/booklet series has been compiled by *Angelic* composer **Walter Gura**. Called *Professor Sounds From Beyond The Bubble*, it explores processes of globalization. Concentrating on composers at the geopolitical merge, it features tracks from Lebanon, Iran, Colombia, Brazil, Egypt, Palestine, Angola, Brazil, Cuba, Peru and Ukraine.

The dates for next year's **Bücher Festival** have been announced! Barcelona's annual festival of dance, electronic and experimental music will be held from 15-21 June 2008. □

The Joined-up World of The Wire

Issue 287 January 2008

Next month's issue of *The Wire* will contain Rowan 2007, our annual survey of the last 12 months in underground music, with 16 pages of charts (including the 50 Records of the Year as voted for by our team of contributors), and reflections from writers and musicians on the highs and lows of the last year of alternative music activity.

www.thewire.co.uk

New times giving up on *The Wire*'s re-edited, re-drafted website (see page 18) during December include music from Patti: Avril 50 after and Lucan Marched, the updated transcript of Mark Fisher's interview with Burt, a field recording from the SKAN exhibition in Rye, Lube (see On Site) and more. Closest from our recent 25th birthday season also features strongly: Live videos of Marlene, Loui Kupaia, Lou New, Michael Gore and Seth Pink Trunk are already up (some of which were broadcast live to a subscriber-only audience) and more streams

and videos are on their way. Additionally, we have a dedicated Wire 25 photo gallery which will have 25 contributor-given photos to go to: www.thewire.co.uk/articles/wire_25/ for all Wire 25 related content. Other recent additions to the site include film clips of Loren Censors and Felix Kake, an extended interview with Underground Records ace, and MP3s from Tighr Meat, Oxbow, Sheep Of Blood Minds, Paul Riley, Stanning Weir, Laura Anderson, Records Winlocks, Matthew Deer, Throbbing Grafti, Robin Williamson, Kaja, K7s, Wiley and Neil Campbell.

Below The Radar

This month *The Wire* decamps to Porto's Casa De Musica venue to host a night of outsider UK sounds under the banner, *Below The Radar*. The line-up features new releases from Neil Campbell's solo Aural Social Club project; full frequency imports from John Will B.L. Gerbale - a special set from UK hip-hop summer Infinite Love with Kaja Akabane featuring DJ Oyera, DJ Tenslow and Seth the Demarc; plus 21 selections from Blaz! Don's delirious *den Aggiphen*. The event takes place at Porto's fantastic Casa De Musica venue on 1 December. www.cordemusica.com

Adventures in Modern Music on

Radioactive 104.4 FM

The North's weekly show on London's only wire radio station is back on air with a new format and in a new time slot. The show is now broadcast across central London on 104.4 FM, with simultaneous streaming at www.radio1044.com, every Thursday between 9-10.30pm. In its new incarnation the show will feature special monthly guest mixes from a host of

Behind: Record Club



Wire-friendly musicians, writers, DJs and so on, as well as regular live sessions, plus the usual open-ended selection of the best of music you read about in the magazine every month.

Special subscriber CD

With this month's issue of *The Wire* the subscribers will receive a free copy of *Warpers First: The Pianos, Grammes From The Attention*, a new compilation tracking the current state of the Swedish underground and with music from the Hipses, Kring Guk and (Drai) labels. See the inside back cover for more details.

For more updates on what's happening in *The Joined-up World of The Wire*, subscribe to *The Conduit*, our fortnightly newsletter, at www.thewire.co.uk

The January 2008 issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 17 December



Robert L. Stone

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"This is a very subtle and elegant tribute to
whether you are of that country or not... it's
a beautiful record." **REISSUE IN 2002**
The Music: Tony Smith's CD (Darla)
CD (Darla) **REISSUE IN 2002**



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Near the Parenthesis is a very subtle and elegant
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Mordant Character (Reissue)
CD (Darla)

It's a very subtle and elegant tribute to
whether you are of that country or not... it's
a beautiful record." **REISSUE IN 2002**



JAPANESE
Chasing Marbles
CD (Darla)

"This is a very subtle and elegant tribute to
whether you are of that country or not... it's
a beautiful record." **REISSUE IN 2002**



**ROBIN OUTHRE &
HAROLD BUDD**
After The Night Falls
CD (Darla)

Robin Outhre & Harold Budd
After The Night Falls
CD (Darla)



CARA
The Glass Bottom Boat
CD (Darla)

Episodes in the life of Cara... **REISSUE IN 2002**



JEROME PROSE
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SCORN
Scorn
CD (Darla)

Scorn is a very subtle and elegant
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album... **REISSUE IN 2002**



LAST DAYS
These Places Are Yours For
CD (Darla)

Last Days is a very subtle and elegant
album... **REISSUE IN 2002**



SCORN
Scorn
CD (Darla)

Scorn is a very subtle and elegant
album... **REISSUE IN 2002**



FREESCHA
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CD (Darla)

Freescha is a very subtle and elegant
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Lost Cages Open Skies and
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album... **REISSUE IN 2002**



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CD (Darla)

Text Adventure is a very subtle and elegant
album... **REISSUE IN 2002**



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CD (Darla)

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Defiance
CD (Darla)

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WA
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Shotgun Approaches

By Philip SHELLY



Steven L. Ford aka Bruno Pronsato

Bruno Pronsato

In dance music, it's the little things that make the difference: kick drums that crumple like pillows, hard percussion that's skiptest of the metronomic beat, elliptical loops that stray from four-bar structures because more a presence or a pressure than a "line" per se. Given the music's no chore rules and its ties to infinite repetition, House and Techno producers have to work harder than traditional stylists to inject a little humanity into the proceedings. So it makes sense that the year's most living, breathing update of the 44-pulse comes from a former rock drummer: Bruno Pronsato.

Only having begun releasing music four years ago, Pronsato (born Steven L. Ford) is one of the more idiosyncratic producers in age-dominant House and Techno—that is, the genre unfortunately (and often erroneously) known as "minimal" for its propensity for small sonic details and its tendency to shy away from blatant melodic and harmonic themes. Pronsato's early singles for labels like Ono, Masego Records, Phrog and Telegraph are unrelentingly esoteric, full of clicks and whirs and tiny melodic fragments that circulate like fruit flies over a steady beat.

Before he discovered computer music, Pronsato had played in a succession of punk, hardcore and art-rock groups alongside his best friend. But neither of these reference points quite prepares you for Why Can't We Be Like U.S., Pronsato's new album for Berlin's Hello/Repetit label. Its nine tracks thrum with the kind of liquid energy that characterizes the music of Ravello Whitlock and his Future label mates, but the style is Pronsato's alone. Running eight or ten minutes, the tracks stretch out, with understated kick drums marking time while sipping percussion—sampled and synthetic, centred and found—lays down a loopy groovy funk. Elements come and go. Short arcs of piano, saxophone, FM bells and more oblique sounds surface, say their piece and disappear, sometimes never to return. And despite the fact that the album brims with hooks—some passages might even be described as positively hummable—Pronsato slips the prison of four-bar chord changes that can make

even the most charismatically inventive Techno feel sedulous and per se boring.

"I was determined to make experimental stuff before I was really into electronic music," he says. "I was coming from the hardcore stuff, I was more into Merbcore and noise, and then it led into Mike Pelreux. And then I heard the Psybryc record [Pony Skyscraper] and I was like, 'This is where it's at.' Berlin is still my favorite record label, and the Psybryc record for me is right up there with Loveless or Daydream Nation."

This isn't the only time Pronsato mentions Sonic Youth, who serve as his model of a musical ideal: where sound and structure lack boxes, with consequences potentially as jarring as sonic, guitar colliding. "It's that element of surprise," he says. "You can have a Sonic Youth song and it's got a rock structure, but there's hundreds of elements that appear and never appear a gain, and that's what makes it so exciting."

"House and Techno are not an obsession," he continues, "so my evolution came naturally. Let's face it, rock can be interesting and it can do some things, but I feel like it repeats itself, creates a giant circle, just collects a few parts here or there. So after I got tired of being in rock bands, I was like, 'Fuck this.' There in the late '80s, the whole home studio thing started picking up and I was like, 'What can I do with that? I can be my own band. I don't have to rely on these outliers.' So it was perfect for me."

Pronsato's period of "quirky" computer music lives on in his recent productions. "I used to be really into Max/MSP," he recalls. "I spent all my time just digging into it. As far as the sound design of the new album goes, a lot of them are sounds I did years ago. There was a time when I wasn't really making music because I wasn't really in the mood, and I was just making lots of sounds, five three-minute renders of a synthesizer or a sequencer patch. So I have a hard drive almost full of the stuff? Those experiments are used throughout the album like drops of ribbon, flashes of dull color and muted

But something from Pronsato's rock background keeps the most harmonic traditions of the bottom-bouncing life at bay. "These I always played drums. I always thought, how can I make this music and still do it live?" he says. "I think coming from a rock background it's always half and half. It's not a producer's mentality, because you have to think of how it will be performed: how you'll play it, how well it's executed." As a result, Pronsato's performance—his doesn't only plays live—in music spontaneous from many of his pieces. Forgoing a pre-planned sequence of songs, he throws together a sort of mix of drum loops, basslines and more esoteric effects, and lets the structure suggest itself. "When Sunny D [of Berlin's Psybryc, who makes up a duo, Half Haze], with Pronsato and I play live he's got his machines and I've got my samples, and we loosely call out the changes," he says.

Pronsato lived in Berlin and Seattle before moving, two years ago, to Berlin, and you can trace his wandering in the evolution of his music. The early record can be almost too idiosyncratic—music intended for European aficionados, but crafted thousands of miles away, without access to the weekly listening session of the right club to determine when "works." His new material is more in tune with the undulating air of Berlin's 24-hour party culture but it's no less uncompromising. "I don't question unless absolutely necessary," he says, referring to his practice of acquiring percussive elements around the best live shotgun blasts distored with the bull's eye. "And people always say to me, 'Your kick drums are always really great.' But as a drummer, I think it's easier when drums are sort of pushing it but not dominating it. It's been never been able to play my beats that reach anyone. A lot of people say, 'Your drops aren't questioned it's hard to mix,' so in a way I have this reputation as someone who's hard to play. There's no ego involved. The harder I try to make a perfect dance track, the more assembly I had. So I figure I want to do something different, why not do whatever the hell I want?" □ Why Can't We Be Like Us is released next month on Hello/Repetit



hatLOGY 6104



hatLOGY 6116



hatLOGY 6116



hatLOGY 6119



hatLOGY 6206



hatLOGY 6212



hatLOGY 6216



hatLOGY 6216



hatLOGY 6217



hatLOGY 6218



hatLOGY 6218



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hatLOGY 6317



hatLOGY 6318



hatLOGY 6319



hatLOGY 6316



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Cinema for the ears

By Dan Warburton

"I like to work on several projects at once," says French musician-composer Lionel Marchetti. "Business only creates themselves over time. Composing is a slow process of learning about something strange which interests you and which it's not like trying to egg. I remember things over a decade later." Since his studies with Xavier Gorce at the CFMB studios in Lyon, where he created his first work *Sinner* in 1996, Marchetti has cooked up an impressive body of music, much of it seasoned from recordings of a 1950s *Rockabilly* lineup he discovered in his early teens. "It has a very warm sound and a range of textures that are great and rich. And it's ironic, which draws you into its intimacy."

This was the golden era sound source for *Kibbuck* (New, release in 1996) on Jérôme Naeyaert's Minitelabel label under the pseudonym Roger de la Proussière, a huge sprawling pastoralist mélange of sounds from all over the planet. "An immense cacophony," acknowledges Marchetti, "like listening to all the radios in the world at the same time." It's a vision not unlike the dream of *World Music* that inspired Black Sabbath's 1985 masterpiece *Requiem*. But whereas Sabbath filtered its ethnic sources into a tight, if remote, Marchetti's use of sound is sprawling and chaotic. "I had a huge number of tapes of all kinds of stuff, including things by Prince, Pierre Henry, Madonna and James Brown. I've never delivered the tape officially and don't make royalties from it," he adds. "I had to become someone else before I felt free enough to do it." A new version—credited to Marchetti this time—will be released on Minitelabel early next year.

The 37 CD format of *Mémoires du Cinéma Pour l'Orchestre* collection has proved particularly attractive to Marchetti, in addition to his three *Cinéma Pour l'Orchestre* collections—*Musé* (1992), *Le Cinéma Mille* (1995) and *Train de Nuit* (2002)—he's released mini CDs on Emmelec (2002's *Real*, Chion [2003's *Deux Le Montagne*) and Groulout Music (last year's triple 37 *Real Deux*). "Musique cinématographique," he says, "is like poetry since the printed page," he

declares. "There's a unity, a density to it, a single piece on the disc. It's like a film volume of poetry."

There's a perfect description of *Real Deux*. Marchetti might call it "a sketchbook full of my drawings," but it is a carefully constructed and moving 70-minute apian of music. In addition to guitar riffs, saccharine strains, swirling, flowered, sparkling, futuristic, scratchy old recordings of military bands and barrel organs, and all manner of voices, Marchetti quotes sparingly but intriguingly from the work of artists as diverse as Michel Duchesne, King Kunta, The Roots and Miss Dugan, a Persian cabaret singer who lost her family in the concentration camps. He uses of her singing in both melancholy and unending. Indeed, though taken like *Paradise D'Or* (Globe [Alpex, 21/20]) and *Deux Le Montagne* might depict up visions of Hell in Italy, none of them, Marchetti's use of field recordings is often disturbing. On *Deux Le Montagne*, the swish of bamboo poles and drive of students prepping the Japanese martial art of kendo become positively scary, as he craftily assuming opens up a multiplicity of possible narratives. It's not as much cinema for the ear as poetry for the ear—or surprisingly the composer is fond of quoting Scottish poet Kenneth White: "I like the element where a memory of substance remains, and the concrete that refines itself at the edge of the word."

Marchetti remains loyal to the term *musique cinématographique*. "It refers to the pioneering works of Schaeffer, Henry and Ferrel, which I still feel attached to," he explains. "I believe in the idea of tradition, of passing on knowledge and ideas as this 'art of field sounds' [Michel Chion] develops and grows. Musique cinématographique still looks enlightened citizens." Marchetti has not only written on Chion's work (*Le Musique Cinéma de Michel Chion*, Métamorphose 1998), but also collaborated with him and Naeyaert on 2003's *Les 100 Jours d'Infinis*.

Another frequent collaborator is poet Olivier Doppio, with whom Marchetti has created numerous *Hommage* as part of Radio France's *Atelier du Cinéma Radiophonique*. Though most set out to explore a

specific theme, the pair's latest collaboration, the impressively austere *Égoue* (Globe [Wheats], to be released shortly on Sub Pop), "started from nothing. It's a kind of speech flying into a strange, almost incoherent" that Marchetti is just as drawn to as to landscape. For the past seven years he has avoided his own children, preferring the time for his most substantial work to date, *Adieu D'Or* (Globe, a 130-minute work in several volumes that follows them on walks in the mountains and into dark caves late at night. "It's a sort of homage to my childhood too," Marchetti admits, "like sitting off down an unknown path with a bar of chocolate in your pocket."

Another path Marchetti has followed is improvisation, often in the company of Naeyaert. In 1993 they began exploring the sounds of Naeyaert's broken piano with cassette players, radios and various household objects, and their work together first appeared on *Real*. He recently's a *Real* CD, *Tajima* (not yet in 1998, since when they've joined forces with violinist Michèle Wierzchowski for *The Corpus* (Minitelabel 2000), the Swiss electronic duo of Voice Crack for *Double Week* (Globe 2002), joined *Sagittaires* Against an *Alpex* (Globe 2002) (Prestige 2002), and most recently with electronicists Jean Pelland, Marc Pichard and Laurent Sasse for *Quatre Vents* on two albums for Editions Miso.

An impressionist with personalist Belmo Mayennais provided the new material for *Mémoires du Cinéma Pour l'Orchestre*. The title refers to a 19th-century Native American shaman, making it a companion piece to Marchetti's *Adieu D'Or* (Globe 2002). His extraordinary collage of spoken word and ritual music from Asia and Africa inspired by Marcus Greider's *Shamanism: Ancient Techniques of Ecstasy*. "I've always been interested in the idea of the medicine man," he enthuses, "someone who by their force of imagination transports you into another world, part artist, part healer. Maybe that's what a composer is." CD *Real* (Alpex) is out this month on *Adieu D'Or* (Globe [Wheats]) is scheduled for early 2003 on Sub Pop.

JOHN WATTS

Lionel Marchetti



Lionel Marchetti

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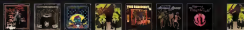
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Iraqi blues

By Kurt Gottschalk

Amir ElSaffar

Sitting at his favorite barbers a full and authentic still house at Jerk Pub in Manhattan, Amir ElSaffar announces of his music: "There's not much to know about it — you ask me questions later." It's a modest introduction to the concert and intense party for his new CD, and the 32-year-old Iraqi-born composer's humility is striking, belying the quest that he led to his unique melding of contemporary jazz and traditional Iraqi song forms.

Two Rivers (N.J.) recording is ElSaffar's second release, following a recording of traditional Iraqi vocal music, and it's the first to feature his own compositions. For the concert last October, he had his sextet play the record in its entirety. It's a striking blend of gossamer, strings and horns; the leader's voice paired with his sonorous and Rudresh Mahanappa's saxophone against a delicate percussion of tobas, oud, wala and box. Over the course of the set, ElSaffar freely switches from oud to violin to dumbek, Tassa Arabesque from oud to violin to dumbek, and ElSaffar between the adobe-like sonorous and his first instrument, the trumpet. At times, the horns might suggest Middle East, against the traditional Iraqi forms the music is built on, but drummer Nabeel Watts (whose father Freddie Watts kept time behind the likes of Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, Elia Fingersh and McCoy Tyner, and was a member of Max Roach's percussion unit M'Boom) feels the group, making that there's never more for a rift. It isn't fusion, but it is a blend ("I don't think of it as a logical sentence," he explains. "When I do things, I perform it in a very traditional way. A lot of my work is to keep that stuff alive. Two Rivers is me coming from the jazz tradition and seeing that related to the compositions.")

That cultural divide is most plainly played out in ElSaffar's "Dance In El-Saffar," which closes the disc. To write a piece on a theme, off it it is and sing it in Arabic, to step a song so deeply in the tradition of American and jazz, whose fortunes are currently so violently linked, has to be a kind of commentary — or not, the composer has to be prepared for such conclusions to be drawn. "It's a 12-bar song El-Saffar did in the '90s," he explains. "I think it's a beautiful part of that music,

that sound that we associate with Middle Eastern sonality — that wail, that cry, as a universal part of the human condition and it's something I really come across in Iraqi music."

Iraqi music uses the same eight-note scale as most Western music, but divides some of the intervals differently, for example, cutting the interval between D and E into one-quarter and three-quarters, rather than the half steps of the European scale. "After I got used to that sound, major chords sounded really intense to me," he says. "Like two sound softer." ElSaffar's education in Iraqi music came after an early life that set the groundwork for cross-cultural interests and formal study. He grew up in Oak Park, a minority suburb of Chicago. His father, an Iraqi Shiite Muslim, taught physics in college, and his mother, a Christian Arab, was a Spanish literature professor.

While his father was a devoted fan of American music — Louis Armstrong was in heavy rotation in the family home, and he was known to paint a moustache on 14-year-old Amir's face to get him into the city's famed blues clubs — ElSaffar was exposed to traditional Iraqi music at family gatherings. "He didn't try to push me toward music," he recalls. "He said it was always around."

When he was in high school, he met Rudresh Mahanappa, who was studying at DePaul in Chicago. "He was really the only person around going in that direction — very intellectual but still actual sounding," ElSaffar says. They soon became friends, and ElSaffar followed Mahanappa to the school, earning a degree in classical trumpet in 1999. That same year, he played with The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Daniel Barenboim on a Talas 10 ElSaffar CD and as a member of The Civic Orchestra of Chicago under Pierre Boulez. Within a couple of years, he was playing with the likes of Cecil Taylor, Ray Manzoni and Sam Chapman. And as his musical world broadened, he grew increasingly interested in the music of his heritage. In 2002, shortly before the invasion of Iraq began, ElSaffar went there to learn the maqam, a centuries-old Arabic vocal tradition pairing poetry with musical improvisation. He learned Arabic and began to study the sonnet and maqam. He also

learned that He did el-Saffar — perhaps the only Iraqi person who had mastered the 58-string maqam, or, for some, as he has for the improvisations, that he had been lost to history — was in London and had just returned from returning home after a public performance of a song that the Iraqi government had banned. With the groundwork of ElSaffar's building, ElSaffar left for London in search of the master. "I was his only student, I spent six months going there every day." Since returning to America, ElSaffar has explored his disparate roots, although he hasn't yet had the opportunity to take his new music to his ancestral home. "I would love to go back of the situation was more friendly there, but it doesn't look like it's going to happen," he says. "My relatives there are not encouraging me to go."

In Baghdad, he was one of four students (along with Mark Hawley, Frank London and Nabeel Tammam) in a maqam course as part of a festival of new trumpet music organized by Dave Douglas and Taylor Ho Bynum. The programme, dubbed The Mystic Trumpeters, was held at the Eldridge Street Synagogue, a 120-year-old temple nearly swallowed up by the surrounding Christianite. He opened his part of the concert with "Bayat," a maqam he learned in Pakistan while watching a full moon rise. The title means "Home," or the point where a journey begins and ends. "That piece represents me as a citizen — it's always very comforting to me," he comments. "I've always been drawn to music with a mystic quality. Maqam is the most obvious, but whenever I'm performing, all the noise of the world just falls away. We don't do old and Zen meditation, but I never felt like anything got me so close to the divine. I said, 'Why am I doing that when I've got my trumpet right here!'"

Despite the ongoing occupation of his home country, ElSaffar doesn't see any overt political message in his music. It's not quite meditation, it isn't a protest march either. "It's kind of more apolitical because the politics, as far as I can see, haven't done anything to help, far from any help," he declares. "I think the music has a very positive message and effect. But I've never found any allegory in the situation to stand up for." □ Two Rivers is out now on N.J. Records



Amir ElSaffar

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Global Ear Buenos Aires

There are nine moments when Buenos Aires assumes the quality of a tango club, rich, melodic and slightly sinister. On a dusty Friday morning, I am strolling my way through the streets like a runner around the poor neighborhood of Abasto, and walk through a raucous dance inside *The Stroger*. "I Wanna Be Your Guy" is echoing around the cavernous Club *Artista* Fernández Fierro, and gleeful art is lit up by a string of milk-bell and stainless steel and a saxophone. Back Fierro, the cheap leather figures, mixed with Coke. But this is not your average stuffy tango hall. As the lights dim, the 12-piece Orquesta Típica Fernández Fierro (OTFF) leap onstage under a giant toilet roll – presumably to promote the recent album *Mucha Menta* (2008) – with the musical director Walter "Chino" Laborda carrying a fake pigskin rifle and bomb. They strike up a version of Enrique Serna's Gershwini's low-toned "Condon Desesperado" in OTFF's famous hench, tango towards a vast and velvet floor as when it appeared in the glues of 1980s to 1990s Buenos Aires. The art is delicious and disheartening, mixing standards and originals with an attitude that is pure punk... or, as they would argue, pure tango. "It might be less subtle, but it's more psychotic," double bass maestro Yan Weller told me before the show. "The world has changed and tango is changing with it. We don't copy the past – tango is about now."

Since the late 1990s, tango has enjoyed a resurgence in popularity. The melancholy poetry of lost love and its depiction of resistance on the verge of moral collapse found particular resonance for postwar (see Buenos Aires residents are called) during the recent financial crisis of 1999-2002, in which personal bank accounts were frozen and riotous demonstrations took place, peaking in 2007. Taking inspiration from Brazilian Odebrecht Gagliardi, who went to prison for his consumer debts, OTFF (who may or may not be responsible for the streets of Palermo which have appeared all over Buenos Aires) and several other groups, such as The Orquesta Típica Imperial, have formed a "tango resistance" out of despair or in the face of the widespread poverty that has resulted. "We are fighting against the 'southern' tango that is packaged for tourists," musicians concluded.



A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: Daniel Neilson finds tango and traditional musics returning to their savage roots in the hothouse fusions of the Argentine capital



dancers Típica Fernández Fierro

bandoneon player Fierro "El Ministro" Argenteo:

"Tango is the music of protest, and we play it with energy and violence."

This enduring movement is beginning to fight through the anti-globalist and the up-tango as rebellion. Unlike the less successful tango electronic trend, it remains traditionalist in structure, if not form. Storying further from the tango templates is The Orquesta Típica Fernández Fierro, whose last album, *Traje* (2008) tell down a hole somewhere between tango, British Canadian jazz and Balkan jazz, and somehow emerges smiling, playing a bicycle wheel.

It was the ch-ch-ch-ch of Argentine cumbia, though, that many remember as the soundtrack of the state of emergency at the vast shanty towns. One previously Argentine takes the Colombian sound was the notorious and demented villeros, or shanty town cumbia, which glamorized the drug and gang culture rampant in the slums. Just as tango did 80 years ago, today it's cumbia that transcends the shanties and the wealth divide. "In Argentine cumbia has developed a life of its own," says rising star Vito Damasceno. "People here get absolutely crazy for it. It's certainly the sound of the city right now." Damasceno has recently collaborated with globalizing London star MIA on "Pretina", whose following here is a favorite at a Zone Urban Beats night at the Néstor Club in the city's hip Palermo neighborhood. The collaboration was facilitated by MIA's ex, DJ Diplo, a Zane Ten and regular visitor to the club.

The use of traditional folk music is part of a perceptible shift in many facets of Buenos Aires cultural life. For many years the city has looked elsewhere for its inspiration to the Mediterranean for its cuisine, Latin America for its art and the UK for its dance music. Now Argentina is beginning to look somewhere it never has before: America. As Vito Damasceno observes: "A lot of people are bored of hip-hop, so new producers are going back to their roots. We're making up new things and looking to folk-like instruments and drum popular in Andean folkloric with reggaeton, Pharell, Drake."

The same story goes for laptopper Checco's Vito Damasceno, who also moves in popular traditional

poems. Another producer, King Coyote is making up an even wider variety of indigenous beats and instruments. King Coyote is the alter ego of Gabby Kaper, composer for the hugely successful *De La Guenda* flying through troupe and creator of the enthralling *Corazón* (2008), which looked at music as far away as China and Africa for instruments, while remaining firmly in the complex soundscape of north-west Argentina.

I bump into Vito Damasceno at a party a week later in the Fundación Telefónica, an arts space often dedicated to vanguard sound art. We watch the famous masked rap act Spectre in front of graphic displays whose form and movement is influenced by the motion of the dancing crowd. The masks turn out to be the latest installation from local electronic art duo *Shoff.org*-Gloria art. A couple of days later, between puffs on his pipe in a city park, *Shoff.org* like him live off – his parents were Gatsby-style first explorers into the bass of his work. "I'm a writer, not a painter. We developed the designer, the only way I could bring all the together is on the Web but it is all informed by music." And it is in this case



contrast that the pair's most alarming and innovative costumes are being discovered. They have played plants like a piano, and produced live sounds and images from the movement and noise of cumbia. But in 2008 they released an artwork called *Siempre* (Always), which was shown at Glasnosty and is now working art very across Europe. It is a video created entirely independently by a "virtual" person. The sound, camera angles and content are all responses to a set of algorithms which in turn respond to us (or the virtual person's) three vital emotions, identified by ten as desperation, conscience and memory. They have created an autonomous organism. "I think this is where the future of music is. After Las Vegas you can't do anything," he smiles. "This is breaking rules and breaking harmony. If you don't, you're a plant. And I have you." *Shoff.org* Típica Fernández Fierro will tour Europe in spring 2009, details to be announced on www.fernandezfierro.com. *Shoff.org*-Gloria art's *Siempre* can be viewed at www.shoff.org/always08

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Cross Platform Sound in other media

Stepping into East London's Black Box Press Gallery, I recognise visual artist David Ellis immediately – he's the one stuck in a hole on top of a giant, claudelike figure he is mixing to create his "trash piece" – his words – at the group exhibition *Keep It a Control Situation*, which he immediately deflects. "You couldn't have chosen a better time to come."

Once he's wriggled out of the ramshackle structure, and we have descended to a nearby cafe, Ellis makes a point at explaining the thinking behind his painting and sculpture work. "I'm interested in magic, he says. "I'm interested at crossing theatre with the real world. I'm interested in trying to escape people from every angle I can." We meet the day before his opening at Hoxa and a few days after the London Zoo Art Fair (the "Zoo Art Fair," *Place Art Fair*) at London's Royal Academy, where his New York gallery, Roasting Hall, presented a selection of his pieces.

Born in 1971, David Ellis grew up in the tobacco-growing region of North Carolina and by the age of 12 knew he wanted to be an artist. Inspired by the 1980s hip-hop and graffiti subculture, Ellis spent his teenage years decorating local buses and outbustling (with permission) and turning into the nearby Port Bingham radio station, which Ellis the not-so-called "radio host" with "The Fat Boys, De La Soul, & Tribe Called Quest, Beverly S. Sparrow, and KRS-One. Ellis' Grandfather Ruck & The Fatuous Free! Music has always been his main inspiration. And then he tried to make the beat in his head visible in his paintings. The next step was to make paintings themselves into drum machines – rendering the beat visible and audible.

This idea developed into his "drum paintings" series. "The idea was that a painting is really a drum," Ellis explains. "It's a membrane stretched over a frame that resonates – it's something that doesn't necessarily have to be related on, it's something that can be stretched and tuned and played." The canvases were made of concrete stretched over custom-made boxes with "a player-piano-style old

school piano system with pre-recorded sounds that I made. I've since replaced that with a MIDI system, which allows me to add more instruments and get the instruments further apart and other in a bigger space. The paintings on the wall inform each other but can also be played together like a drum set."

His point Conversation, commissioned by the Pace University Gallery in Houston, Texas in 2008, is an interpretation of his idea of the living being in visual and audible rhythm. The piece, an ambient, large-scale installation, is composed of painted oil barrels, giant cans and plastic buckets made into one giant drum machine with two hydraulic figures at its centre – Ellis' discursive sculptures of grooves, a recurring theme in his work.

The *Ali Payson Priory*, Ellis' largest piece at the Zoo Fair, is one of the aforementioned trash piece – an installation featuring empty paint cans, shredded paper in transparent bags, paper cups and cardboard boxes. At first sight it looks like a pile of rubbish, rubbish waiting to be sorted away. Observe it for long enough, though, and you see the cans shake, the lids bounce and the paper rattle, all triggered electronically in intricate drum patterns devised by collaborator Roberto Lange.

The trash comes from a desire to work with the stuff of his immediate surround, and with him as his studio (such as empty paint cans), objects referred on surrounding streets, as well as discarded items in whatever gallery he happens to be working in. "I pull from that because it's the most current. As an improviser, I like the spontaneity and the gesture from doing things on the spot," he says. The piece at the Royal Academy "was one half bags of trash and shredded paper documents and paint buckets and things that I found in the streets where my studio is – in Bed-Stuy (Brooklyn) – and the other half of the piece was made up specific and woven into the trash I found while finishing at the Zoo Fair: bits of car-off pieces from other



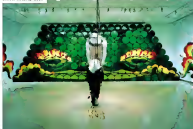
people's boots; the paint buckets that went to paint on the wall, things that refer to that place at that time," Ellis continues. "And ultimately those last few things are in the last soundings things I want to be there to see and fold the mix."

The trash heap may look like a film Danish tribute by a swarm of ants, but Ellis prefers to see it as evoking the chaos of a machine about being motivated by magical agents. The diversity aspect is also present in *Honey Alibi*, a wall-mounted wall of record sleeves. This piece is part of a series of what he calls record "modifications." "They are records I picked for what I thought would be interesting sonically, usually, the later ones," he explains, looking into record crates with piercing into a pencil, finding records loaded with interesting and information. "I call this re-collection, short for record collection, but also very much about memories of a medium that other than a few devoted people who rely on it – DJs and parties – has dissolved and become digital." Later, he adds, "contemporary culture lives last stage of the era of the great, the wild, the open, the spiritual leader, who puts on a mask and does a dance to drums, and uplifts – tunes into nature, becomes one, becomes a spirit for a moment, sends a message to the people in the village."

Ellis' music is in the subconscious was the source of Ellis' groove imagery. "I started doing tobacco train drawings that were made by spilling tobacco juice on the paper and letting them dry overnight and a few of them started to look like a skull on these boxes. It happened while I was existing, and I would call them grooves, but they would be all kinds. The grooves have become a recurring character – the grooves make more form." As the conversation comes to an end, Ellis pushes his cup to the front and adds: "He is the shaman, he is the great, the totem, the guy who tells a lie to make you see the truth." © David Ellis a solo show, *Domus*, will open in May 2009 at Roasting Hall, New York, www.roastinghall.com

Visual artist **David Ellis** sends rhythms rippling through 'drum paintings' and trash piles, and treats record 'recollections' as oracles, in an attempt to access the spirit world. By Anne Hilde Neset

Germany, 2006





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Invisible Jukebox Michael Gira

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Mike Barnes. Photography: Tara Darby

In 1979 a young Michael Gira moved from Los Angeles, where he had played in a group called Little Gripples, to New York. In 1982 he formed Swans, who were influenced to an extent by New York's nihilistic No Wave tendency; but ultimately Gira chose to boil down their music into a slow moving, punitive and brutal signature sound, which can be heard on early releases like their debut album *Filth*, its successor *Cop* and the *Time Is Money (Bastard! 12"*. Swans' early line-ups featured drummers Jonathan Kane and Roli Mosmann (who later produced The Young Gods), bassist Harry Crosby and guitarist Norman Westberg.

Vocalist and keyboard player Jarboe joined in 1986, by which time the group had begun to expand stylistically. 1987 brought the first Swans album to feature acoustic elements, *Children Of God*, which extended Gira's study of power relations into organised religion. Although they were still

ominously powerful, he was keen that Swans be seen as more than simply creators of noise. After an unsuccessful spell on MCA, which released the Bill Laswell-produced *The Burning World* (1989), Gira founded Young God Records in 1990 "to facilitate the release" of ever more eclectic Swans discs like *Love Of Life* (1992) and *The Great Annihilator* (1995). In his A&R capacity, Gira discovered Devendra Banhart, releasing his first album alongside discs by Larsen, Akron/ Family and Mi And L'au, among others.

Gira disbanded Swans in 1997 and, the loop experiments of his shortlived *Body Lovers/Body Haters* project notwithstanding, has since focused on acoustic based music, both solo and with his group *Angels Of Light*, who recently released their sixth album, *We Are Him*.

The Jukebox took place in London, in the middle of Gira's tour with *Boredoms*.

The Movies "Forming"

What inspired *Forming*? I was inspired by the fact that it was the first time that I had ever seen a film that was about a band that was formed in Los Angeles. I was inspired by the fact that it was the first time that I had ever seen a film that was about a band that was formed in Los Angeles.

The singer used to sing with an English accent as this early days. I was there during all of the LA back in the day. They were actually pretty terrible live but their first album, produced by Jean Jarr, is wonderful.

What used to edit a female in these days? What did you cover?

It was called *My magazine*. It was the same size as a *Rolling Stone*, like *NME* or something. We just decided to do a magazine and had to do it how to do it and just went on Hollywood Boulevard and got more friends to take it, or all the girls in the city. I remember bands that we also had performance art and pornography and stories in there. *My magazine* print it in LA due to its photographic content, so we had to have to drive in my friend's VW Bug up to San Francisco, go to a porn poster, pick up 1000 copies and bring it back. The first issue I worked on had violent images on the cover. I wanted to bring out a different side to punk rock (laughs). But yeah, I like The Gories. They couldn't play at all in the beginning of course, but so what?

And you wrote for *Black Flag* in LA.

Yeah, I wrote a couple of reviews. I knew the editor, Claude Bessy, he was a great person. I took up a full page ad in there when I was still looking at it – I had begun to get school and always wanted to be an artist but it was so slow and when punk started it didn't really interest me anymore. It was an art project, I guess. It was myself in a striped jacket sitting, with this horrible *De La Lupa* in The Mummy-type make-up

on my face so you couldn't recognize me, and I built that profile that came up in an arc so I was sucking my own cock and looking at the camera. And it read *advertisements*. Here I am sitting thinking of you! I thought it was really anonymous, and then people started coming up to me at gigs and saying, 'You're the guy at that ad?' I did the first ever interview with The G.O.s for *No magazine* and that was the first thing they said when I started the interview they recognized me (laughs).

I ended up leaving LA because the LA punk scene was so conservative musically. It was just basic three-chord punk. I think one of the things that convinced me to move to New York when I started thinking about making my own music was seeing *Swans* playing in a club. It was the infamous tour where they were opening for The Cars and they did their own side gig. 300 punks showed up and the stage was a couple of feet high. And because it wasn't regular punk, they didn't like it and they were spitting directly into Adam Vogel's face as he was singing until he was covered in mucus and he was screaming at all over his face and hitting himself at the face with the microphone. Oh, thank you, thank you! That was truly inspirational to me.

Joan Baez
"Farewell, Angelina"
FOR THE 25TH YEAR (NABUCCO) 1988

That's Joan Baez. Beautiful voice. This is early, right? It's from *Four Steps Dying*. This track was recorded in 1965. She's great. She became rather adored by didn't she? But I think in the early days it was beautiful. What is it that you specifically like about her singing?

Oh, it's pure. I think it was really important in the early folk integration that the voice be very pure and

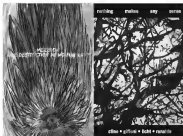
not be about the singer per se. I think Dylan changed that when he introduced a very strong personality. But I read an interview recently with Pete Seeger, where he said it was important that you be a good singer but that you just embodied the song. It wasn't about you as a performer.

Like being a conduit for the song to pass through? Yeah, it was about discovering this history of America and folk, and you were just the conduit. A lot of singers don't like her because her voice is so pure and there isn't much vibrato, and it's not so expressive. I was aware of her when I was young, but I don't think I bought anything by her. I loved Dylan when I was a child, I listened to that stuff repeatedly, I don't know why. I think I had a sort of artistic sense that was intuitive that went through I said then, I thought Blue Cheer was kind of dumb (laughs). And I knew that the band *Doors* albums were really bad. But, yeah, I really respect the approach to music. I wish I was more able to do the sort of thing myself but I was just blessed with a purity of tone, not an artistic approach like Dylan was, of course.

Pan Sonic
"Lithery/Transmission"
FROM *TRANSMISSION* (NABUCCO) 1988

Well the aesthetic reminds me of Pan Sonic. It's from their most recent album. I like Pan Sonic a lot. For Swans' last tour they were the opening band. I was in and saw them from the beginning. I especially liked the fact that they were so loud like anemone, test tubes. But it also somehow managed to create its own world and be expressive at the same time. When they used to play with us I had of asked them, or mentioned, that I'd like them to do the show without the drum line.





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think about releasing other artists. **Do you like the A&R aspect of finding new talent?** Oh, I love it. I think I have a talent for recognizing someone who has a real vision and it's unique. Because that's really what I look for, it's not really the style of music. And they have to be committed to music. I want them to be commercially successful. I'm looking for the newest, hottest band. I look for someone that I think is going to be around for a long time and needs a helping hand. I try to help people find their strengths, because usually they are quite young and help them focus on what they do best and make them up and inevitably they'll get signed to a huge label [laughs]. But that's fine. Young God Records to me I don't have employees, it's a tremendous amount of work. So when someone gets famous it's impossible to keep up.

Vetiver "Amour Fou"

FROM *HYPER* (CORSETTA MUSIC RELEASE) 2008

Oh, it's Vetiver. We did some gigs together about five or five years ago when I was first working with Devendra [Bandiera]. We sang this song with them. Andy Cohen's tremendously talented. It's beautiful music. In fact, that's Devendra singing there in the background. I mean, Devendra, when I first heard his little demo that ended up becoming his first album, to me it was just like discovering this strange golden age of your city or something, this future and unique character. He's a true genius, just remarkable and he's just completely immersed in his music and his own world. I think he has yet to make his *Blood On The Tracks* or John Wesley Harding, but he'll get there.

My wife was a drummer and she was playing on a band as my label. Plus Information Systems, and Devendra somehow was hooked up with his acoustic guitar as the opener. She was outside the club and heard this voice emanating from the club. She's a remarkable music memory and she listens to roots music — she introduced me to Fela Kuti, who I'd never really listened to before; anything that's really elemental and true. She heard this and just was astounded and talked to him and brought home this little CD-R, which was more his first music, beautiful, and I wrote him a really long letter, and he moved to New York to be on Young God, basically. He stayed at our house and other people's houses and stayed in a squat for a while, walked to his, and when we finally got him in front of people, he played a show at Tonic — which had a band of New York place in New York — and it was probably just as nervous as he. He went onstage, just down his guitar and sang that whole beautiful song a cappella and the audience went insane. It was trying to capture some kind of wildness, the energy that came from him. It was an amazing experience, one of the best in my life, musically.

Do you strive to drive artists in the new indie scene? It comes up a lot. I don't really care about it as a genre per se. I think in a way it's very healthy, as it's about people playing their instruments and expressing something through words, rather than being all doped up with rock elements or volume. When I look for in music is people whose music can be reduced down to a guitar and voice or a piano and voice, basically, and it has to be strong, their way.



Godspeed You! Black Emperor "Bliz2"

FROM *GLIMMER FOR THE NEW 2002 JOURNAL* (CORSETTA MUSIC) 2005

Oh, is this Godspeed You! Black Emperor? I like them. I saw them in New York once and it was really good. It's obvious that they took some influence from latterday Swans, from Soundtracks For The Blind and *Seven-Armed Dead*, the double live thing. Someone should ask them, but I really think so, this ever-building crescendo that we were doing at the time. But they took it to a new level and it was very admirable, very good.

Godspeed are very much a crescendo — everything is discussed. I get the feeling that in your music, you always take control of the sound. Is that right? Oh yeah, completely. It's very frustrating for the musicians I work with because I usually have a concept and chords, and towards the middle of Swans everything was written an acoustic guitar first. And then we come into the rehearsal studio and people start playing with me and I ask, "No, no, no! This isn't built it up that way!" And then someone will surprise me and do something that I didn't think at, which is always the best, usually. But I'm like a film director in a way, working with people, guiding them, but not dictating exactly what they do. I'm always trying to reach higher.

I think Godspeed are classical musicians, so they work in a different way. I admire them. What's the

group they went on to form? They [Three Silver Mt. Zion Members] Orderson & The Lotus Band] just put out a record with *Via Chianuzi* [North Star Records] that's so beautiful I can't listen to it because I'm afraid it might influence me. He's an amazing songwriter, another amazing head genius as far as I'm concerned.

Neurosis & Jerbee "Cringe"

FROM *HYPER* (CORSETTA MUSIC) 2005

Is that Jerbee singing? I can't remember on this. It's with the West Coast group *Neurosis*. I like Neurosis. It's not the kind of music I listen to but I saw them live a couple of times and it was like watching Swans warriors in preparation for attacking a village or something, it's so intense.

I was wondering about whether you think that Swans' legacy stretches to other groups who play heavy, slow rock like OM and Sunn O)))

I haven't heard them. From when I've read, I think I had them probably went. Living with slow chords and a drone. Maybe I haven't heard them for that reason. There's all kinds of music that I want to listen to that I just don't have time to do so right now. You should ask them about any Swans influence. Me, I never wore a moon's habit onstage, I never used smoke machines. ☐

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Burial's debut shot to the top of *The Wire*'s 2006 poll by virtue of its convincing evocation of a wounded city. In a rare face to face encounter, the South Londoner preserves his precious anonymity while revealing how forbidden siren vocals, Edwardian ghost stories and a yearning for the lost era of orbital raves feed the sanctified peaks and spectral melancholia of his new album. Words: Mark Fisher. Photography: Georgina Cook

With his self-titled debut LP last year, Burial established himself as an extraordinary sonic mythographer, a sound poet capable of articulating the existential malaise of an era and a place using only sampled voices, broken broadcasts and musique concrète toward effects. Burial was a vivid audio portrait of a wounded South London, a semi-betrayal sound painting of a city's disappointment and anguish. Burial was a sound saturated in dense music, but his unquestioned focus – more like the kick kick of a graffiti-splashed ghost train calling us edgewise than rhythmic punctuation – went too economic to dance to. His sound was too out of step to fit into dubstep, the genre his records were most likely to be filed under because they were released on Kode's Hyperdub label. Burial's sound might have fallen between the cracks, but it wasn't some solstice catalogue of existing forms. What was most impressive about it – and no doubt one of the reasons that it was *The Wire*'s Record Of The Year for 2006 – was the consistency of its sonic concept. There was an immense quality to Burial's discursive alchemy, a quality reinforced by his doing only a few interviews and refusing to allow a photograph of his face to be used in any promotion. Swimming rumours filled the hype-vacuum. Many didn't believe he actually existed, his being the records' production to Basse Chahed, the Bug. Karim himself – a nameless backchannel compliment to how fully realised Burial's mythos was – in fact, he would have been guessing slowly, ambivalently, for at least half a decade. The tracks on his first album had been selected from recordings Burial had made since 2001. His first appearance on vinyl was the track "Broken Home" on Westlondon's Native Culture Mix 2 in 2004. And the 12" EP *South London* (Burial), which tracked some of the most potent tracks from the first LP followed a year later.

I met Burial – an effie, quietly between passages who speaks in a low whisper – at Kadisti flat, Burial's refusal to "be a hero", to constitute himself as a subject of the media's promotional machine, is in part a temperamental preference, and in part a resistance to the conditions of ubiquitous visibility and hyper-criticism imposed by digital culture – "It's like a couple board, it's like hitting someone into your head, behind your eyes, it's less conscious" he says of the internet. "You just a well love guy person," he admits. "I want to be unknown, because I'd rather be around

my mates and family, but there's no need to focus on it. Most of the times I like I never know when the people who made them looked like, anyway. It drives you up. You could be here or at home." Burial doesn't DJ or play live, so photographs of him can't even be surreptitiously taken and circulated. "I just want to be in a symbol, a sum, the sense of a tune," he explains. "It's not like it's a new thing. It's one of the old underground things and it's new." Burial is more a narrative than most in the way in which people are shaped by impersonal forces. "When you are young you are pushed around by forces that are nothing to do with you," he says. "You're lost. Most of the time you don't understand what's going on with yourself, with anything." He knows that his sound does not come from anything with a face.

Without being chauvinistic, Burial is fiercely loyal to the British "hardcore" soundform from which his sound has emerged. "If you're well into tunes, your life starts to weave around them," he says. "I'd rather have a tune about real life about the UK, than one of US hype. You're in the club with your girl, then you find I have R&B music and vocals but I like hearing things that are true to the UK, like drum 'n' bass and dubstep. Once you've heard that underground music in your life, other stuff just sounds like a fucking added, imported." Indeed, one track on his new album *Unravel* is called "UK", another, one of the most sorrowful, is called "Home". Burial's London seems to be a city populated by displaced persons, returning to the sites of former revolt and finding them desolate, forced to construct the paradise compromises of their post-rave life with the collective ecstasy they once lived out. Burial is a re-emerging of the past, a construction of relics of abandoned genres into an asexual montage. His sound is a work of mourning rather than of melancholia, because he still aches for the lost object, still refuses to abandon the hope that it will return. "A lot of these old tunes I put on at night and I hear something in the bass that makes me feel good," he says. "A lot of my favourite producers and DJs are dead now too – and I hear this hope in all those old tracks. Trying to wake the UK. But they wouldn't, because the UK was changing in a different direction, away from us. Maybe the feeling of the UK in clubs and stuff back then, it wasn't as artificial, self-aware or created by the internet. It was more raw, underground

folklore. Anyone could go into the night and they had to seek it out. Because you could see it in people, you could see it at their eyes. Those events were at the edge of their lives, they weren't running ahead or taking behind, they were just right there and the tunes meant everything. In the 80s you could feel that it had been taken away from them, it'd be culture, it'd become like superclubs, impersonal. There's no connection. All these danger bits were trying to be like clubs, it got just taken. So it just went militant, underground from that point. That era is gone. Now there's less danger, less emotion, less going to find something. You can't hide, the media cloaks everything." He checks his personal "But [dubstep] might DMZ and PWD have that deep atmosphere and real feeling. The true underground is still strong, I hear good news from all the time."

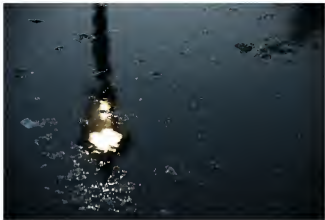
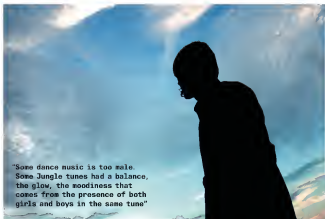
After a statement as definitive as his first LP it was difficult to imagine where Burial would go next, but *Unravel* substantially modifies the sound codified on Burial. The most obvious difference from the first record is the amount and type of vocal on the new LP. His mentor Kodek describes it as "weird soul" and, of the reference point for the debut were early to mid 80s soul and jungle, the vocalists on *Unravel* are like Sade Garage and two-step. The out-of and pitch-bent voices – looped fragments of longing – make *Unravel* even more addictive and even more beautifully moving than Burial. Burial had in fact produced a whole album's worth of material in another style – "more industrial, all the buses sounded like the kind of weapon that was being taken apart and put back together again" – but he scrapped it. "It was so weird," he recalls, "I'd made all these dark tunes and I played them to my mum and she didn't like them. I was going to give up, but she was sweet, saying me, 'Just do a hard, fuck everyone off, don't worry about it.' My dad died and it was totally gutted about that. She was just live. Make a tune, cheer up, stay up late, make a cup of tea." Just as he produces 20 minutes later and he made that "Aching" tune Jan Unravel, and I went like, "I've made this tune, the tune you told me to make."

Burial's treatment of voice has always been central to his sound. Too much dub-influenced music is content to simply erase the voice and turn up the echo, but



Downcast angel

October 2006 *Rolling Stone* magazine photographed in Japan



explicit intent," Baril agrees. "That was an older thing that UK underground music used to have. Old rave tunes used to be the masters of that, for a reason, to do with the rave, half human and half something hypnotized by drugs. It was stolen from us and it never really came back. Mike taught it to me because I like white songs. But I love them, I like vocals to be like that, like a night cry, an angel scream!"

Angels again. On Underworld's newest album as download singles, images of light leaked into the dull weight of the world's darkness as the German duo's Willem Wonders, 1980 Berlin folk. Wings Of Desire returned to the UK, an audio version of London as a city of betrayed and mistreated angels, their wings clipped. But angels also hover above the hopeless and the abandoned here. "My new tunes are about that," Baril agrees, "waiting an angel to be watching over you, when there's nowhere to go and all you can do is sit at McDonald's late at night not knowing your phone."

As you might expect, Baril's abandoned is elegiac, dreams and ghosts gone back to childhood. "My dad when I was really little," he says, "sometimes he used to send me MR James stories. On the South Bank last year, I bumped off from my day job and I found a book of MR James ghost stories. The one that fucked me up when I was little was *Oh, Whistle And I'll Give To You, My Lad*. Something can be really horrible like it is even at a distance. Something weird happens with MR James, because even though it's in writing, there'll be a moment when the person reads the ghost, when you can't quite believe what you're reading. 'You go out, just for those few times when you glimpse the ghost for a second, or he describes the ghost face, like, 'you've not reading any more. In that moment it burns a memory into you that isn't yours. He says something like, 'There's nothing worse for a human being than to see a face when it doesn't belong.' But if you're little, and you've got an imagination which is always running you up and denigrating you and things like that are almost comforting to read."

Also, he continues, "there's nothing worse than not recognizing someone you know, someone close, family, seeing a look in them that just isn't there. I was once in a lecture in a job and the regulations there and some notes started telling I these fucked up ghost stories from real life, maybe that had happened to them, and I swear if I ever heard them. One girl told me the scariest thing I've ever heard. Some of these stories would stop a few words earlier than scariest right. They don't play out like a film, they're too simple, too everyday, slight. These stories run true and I never forget them. Some miss maybe you see ghosts. On the underground with an empty Glastonbury plastic bag, someone is going, they're smaller, about 20 per cent smaller than a normal person, smaller than they were in life."

Some of us have been together for the past couple of years but Jacques Delmès's neo-logic "neurology" has a special purchase on the most important contemporary music. Of all the acts that have been called "hauntological" — acts as dream as Mandel

Music, The Caretaker, Anel Pina, Little Arc, Philip Jack — Baril means the most convincing case that our past is as essentially hauntological. The power of Delmès's concept by its aim of being haunted by events that had not actually happen, futures that failed to materialize and remained spectral? Baril exists something he never actually experienced first hand. "I've never been to a festival, a rave in a field, a big warehouse, or an illegal party," he says, "just clubs and playing tunes indoors or whatever. I heard about it, I dreamed about it. My brother might bring back these records that seemed really adult to me and I would sit by myself. I heard there it was like when you find one. Tomorrow or after when you're only little. I got a rush from it, I was hearing about other world, and my brother would drop by late and I'd fall asleep listening to tapes he put on." It was his older brother who made rare a kind of "ghosted absence in Baril's life, a space to be filled with years and yearnings. "The loved tapes, new tapes, jungle," Baril tells me. "He loved all that stuff, and he was gone, he was on the other side of the night. We were brought up on stories about it, losing the city to a car and flying somewhere and losing their lives there. He would sit there and play these old tapes, and later on he'd play it 'Metropolis', Reinforced, President, DJ Hyde, Paul Ray, DJ Crystal, Source Direct and Techno tunes."

The new tapes feed a hunger for escape. "I suspect working hard but I dream a day job," asserts Baril. "On a job interview, I've got a breast hole. I just want to be gone. Sit in the kitchen, the car door at work, and I'd be sitting in the park on the roof, closing all the maintenance doors, dreaming about getting into the studio. A period. As a kid I used to dream about being part of the band, escaping from things, without my own knowing where I got out in the black. So I'm in a black glass bag outside a building and hearing the rain against it, but feeling all right, and just wanting to sleep, and a truck would have been there. A too quick psychosomatic reading would have this as a thinly coded wish to return to the womb — and Baril's work is certainly feels enveloping — but the desire to be again the desire to be that is also driving this fantasy. Baril wants out, but he doesn't positively characterize what lies beyond. "We all dream about it," he says. "I wish something was there. But even if you fight for it, you never see anything. You don't have a choice. You'd be in the way as a job, but you're longing to go down this other sort, right there, and you walk past it. No force on Earth could make you go down there, because you've got to be happy to wherever. Even if you escape for a second, people are on your case, you can't go down old Thames side and throw your mobile in."

But there are always flickers and flashes of the other side. After images. "I used to get taken into the middle of nowhere, by the way," concludes Baril. "I took it out there, because when it's dark, it's totally dark, there's now of this ambient light, London things. We used to have to walk back and find hotels and use a lighter. See the light, see where you were and then you'd walk on, and the image of where you've just been would still be on your mind." On Umrax is out now on PippinHub

Baril instinctively knew that building is about writing the song, about inducing it to a surreal long tour of buses, a virtual object as the music beguiling because of its partial deconstruction. The dreamy crackle that has become one of his sonic signatures is part of the writing process. Self-deceptively, he claims that he initially got the crackle to extend "the fact that I was a very good at making tunes." But he is not so much influenced by dub as by the "vocal samples" developed by Jungle, Garage and two-step producers. When he and his brothers would learn to deconstruct Jungle, Baril found himself increasingly drawn to the vocal tracks. "I'd love these vocals that would come in, not proper singing but cut-up and repeating, and executed often. It was like a forbidden zone. I was into the cut-up thing as much as the dark basslines. Something happens when I hear the subs, the rolling drums and vocals together. So when I started doing tunes, I didn't hear the kit and I didn't understand how to do it properly, so I couldn't make the drums and bass sound massive, so as long as it had a bit of singing in it, it forgave the rest of the tune. Then I couldn't believe that I'd done a tune that gave me that feeling that proper ravers used to, and the vocal was the one thing that seemed to take the tune to that place. My favourite tunes were underground and moody but with killer vocals: 'Let Go' by Teebee, 'Bring With You Remedy' by Paul Play Intense, Alex Reece, Dugite, Goldie, Dillinja, E.L.B., D-Strider. Steve Duray I rates being on the bus to school listening to DJ Hyde mixes."

New Labour Britain is interested by contextual sensitivity, looked on as possible sustained emotion. With the ubiquity of TV talent shows, religious revivals has become a fast track to instant recognition, under UK's equivalent of sanctification and salvation. In that process, singing has become almost incidental — its echeyrastic beat stories that the media really hunger for. Baril's strategy with singing is exactly contrary to this: he removes voices from biography and narrative, transforming them into fluttering, fluttering abstracts, angels liberated from the heavy weight of personal history. "I was listening to these Guy Called Bronze tunes," he says. "I wanted to do vocals but I can't get a proper a major like him. So I cut up a cappella and made different sentences, even if they didn't make sense, but they summed up what I was feeling." In the process of changing the pitch of the vocals, buried signals came to light. "I heard this vocal and it doesn't fit but it sounds like 'anthem'!" says Baril. "I like grating down female vocals so they sound male, and pushing up male vocals so they sound like a girl singing. This is just, as angels are supposed to be without gender. 'All that water ran with my tunes, and of half boy half girl,' he enthuses. "I understood that moody thing, in some sense music is too male. Some jungle tunes had a balance, the glow, the moodiness that comes from the presence of both girls and boys in the same tune. There's tension because the close, but sometimes perfect together. I look like her. I am her!"

Koehn describes the album as "downcast euphoric" and that seems to fit. "I wanted to make a half



Joy Division in 1980. Left to right: Deba Parker, Ian Curtis, Stephen Morris, Peter Dinklage. Photographer: John Parker, Andy Rothery, Paul Thompson, Phil Kneass

The mien that fell to Earth

Michael Bracewell's book *Re-wake/Re-model* documents the provincial art school milieu of the 1960s that gave shape to *Roxy Music's* sound and design. Here, he picks up the story in the early 1970s, explaining how Roxy's audacious formal innovations upended both pop and art music conventions to essay a radical revolt into style.

The drums seem to filter, swirl and collapse, each beat bubbling as though the dominating rhythm has finally reached an end. But then, as though the process of dismantling the song's groundplan might signify a fresh beginning, rather than complete exhaustion, a male voice sings with subtle, declaratory urgency. His opening phrases are delivered with brutal precision, cutting the words as cleanly as though they were finely milled machine parts: "Now that we are family/Life seems to get hard." In a split second, the altered pronunciation of "hard" introduces us to a new raw tone into which his already faint in a complex 30 seconds of music, the emotional weather of which appears forbidding and portentous. The line ends with an unexpected vocal switch from robotic to tragicomic, a voice that had sounded harsh, metallic, gains an unexpected design dip into the heartland of a ballad, passionate Romeo. The singer begins to soliloquize, almost sobbing, "Alone - what a word, lonely/Alone - it makes me cry." The vocal is still being paced by the staggering yet emphatic, broken rest of the drums, and a wobbling electric bassline, only now, gathering beneath this rambling town's complaint, a dark squall of high pitched electronic strands as beginning to rise, although the machinery of a saxwell had just resumed action - soaring, swooning, splitting, fracturing. From within this edifice of noise, an electric guitar begins a wild scrambling, sensual improvisation, while somewhere close by we hear, incredibly, the shuffling, peering and defiantly European sound of an oboe.

So goes the central section of a song called "See Through," written by Bryan Ferry of Roxy Music, and included as part of the group's live sets from their first public performance in December 1971. Subsequently issued during the spring of 1972 for Roxy's third single, it seems intensely romantic and utterly self-assured debut album. The track exemplifies the conceptual, rhythmic, lyrical and musical complexity of the group's early material.

From the start Roxy Music described an all new address of pop artifice and art music experimentation, but also a nod and wink to the past, to the specific nature of the group's reawakening, as

demonstrated by their first three albums (*Roxy Music*, *For Pleasure* and *Stained Glass*), all recorded between 1972 and 1973), was the presence of an entirely postmodern sensibility at work. Like masses of stylistic quotation, rejecting a view, tired, theatrical concern with the very essence of modernism, these were moments which seemed to define the chaotic, virginalist pursuit of such conservatism into a celebration of its own capacity to reinvent ("All styles saved here," as Ferry sang on "Do The Strand").

"Feet of Clay" after their first single, "Virginia Plain," at La Ballade in Paris late in 1972, marks the early distinctivity of the group. Between the fourth and final verses, to the prompt of Ferry's breathless, rather admonishing, "So me and you/Just are best/Get in touch for something new," unspoken Andy Mackay, behind his keyboard, and guitarist Phil Manzanera introduce a formation line in the center of the stage, turning sideways and then stage front through two lengthy sequences of beat making power chords. Meanwhile, at either side of the stage, Brian Eno, before his rise like VDS synthesizer and tape machines, and Ferry, playing a small electric keyboard, appear to embody serene and sensuality respectively. Ferry's eyes are closed, his expression ecstatic and almost usually entranced as he remains in the restrained choral sequence, Eno, professional, wholly ecstatic, provides the linking electronic melody, a gently, almost building awareness of notes. The big swinging formation of the other leading musicians might come from The Shadows or Bill Haley (who were a significant influence on both the young Ferry and the young Mackay).

It is a marcelle, a slave, a comic performance, and beneath the slowly murmured song one can see why The Velvet Underground were the only group equally admired by all of the founding members of Roxy Music: and whose influence is so deeply felt in the level of pure whimsy and feeling. In terms of sheer energy - a musical interpretation of Damien Druce's adage that "style is knowing when you are being a bit mad" - early Roxy at their furthest out displayed all of the accelerated neurotic musical intensity of The Velvet's dice "The Black Angel's Death Song" and "European Son" (For Delmore Schwartz).

To underline the point with regard to instrumentation, just as Max Tuckie's legendary ability to hit a Maracas in his phone directory for 25 minutes without stopping was attributed to "The Velvet" sound, so the sheer physicality - alongside his less acknowledged sensitivity of Paul Thompson's drumming was essential to the sophistication of Roxy Music. Thompson's sliding love for the music of Bo Diddley (shared by Leo Reed) also introduced a vivid hue to the palette of Roxy's epic modernist cinema.

Bryan Ferry's creative intention for Roxy Music - which he likened to that of Duke Ellington - was to bring together a subterranean and eclectic selection of musical strengths, styles and attitudes. A new DVD of the group's appearances on the German TV programme *Amadeus* in 1972 and 1973, demonstrates how these individual styles were then transposed, through the heightened romanticism of the age, within, to new concerns of themselves. Compared to the group's official recordings, the nature of this amplified style is more apparent as the *Amadeus* sets, as well as on bootlegs of the sessions the group recorded for BBC TV and radio throughout 1972 and 1973, in which the principal characteristic of early Roxy - complex, sensitive changes of tempo involving narrative styles to structure the "stream" of each individual song - can be heard to its greater effect.

But even on vinyl, Roxy delivered the shock of the new in doses that some critics found lethal. In direct opposition to the perceived "innocence" and "authenticity" of dream child blues-rock, the directive of Roxy's musical model was the performance of style above all else - a triumph of artifice and synthesis. To this end, in the early summer of 1972 a purchase of Roxy Music - having already entered the theatre of the group's theatrical world by way of the audacious, stylistically ill-suited artwork of the record's packaging - would have felt a rising manner of what seemed like a solid party shelter. In itself, such overtly glamorous scene setting introduced Roxy's effusion to the palaces of early and mid-20th century modernism - cabaret, department stores, train de luxe, cafes, ballrooms (and in the case

"The eerie introduction to 'The Bob (Medley)'" sounded like some outlandish combination of insect song and astronomical technology"

"You get an idea of the precision with which Roy Mac became their ally by its title from the following extract from Enki's notebook [dated 'Rory Early, 71-12'] which details the lighting plan for the performance of 'The Bob (Medley)'".

"Spot: On blue light building – band shining back and forth.
Drum into: [Spot on Bryan]
Lights on band changing colour on beat.
Piano and Close [spot on Andy]
First section [spot on me]
First change [Andy again]
"The many [spot beautiful]" Spot then sings
Gunn solo – stage well lit, changing from yellow to mauve
Close and piano spot on me and Andy
Fade yellow down a bit
Reprise: Spot back on Bryan/Fade white
Back on back at end"

Andy Mackay would subsequently question whether the ingenuity and audacity of this early Roy Mac send was in part, at least, a fairly naive exercise in mimicry. His own feeling was that the individual members of the group, during their earliest rehearsals, all had differing ideas of what, exactly, they were hoping to achieve, these diffuse goals thus contributing to the pronounced layering of styles and attitudes within the music. By contrast, Glen Goe – who during Roy Mac's earliest concerts had the demanding threefold role of contributing tape and synthesizer effects, providing backing vocals, and among the on-stage sound from a desk towards the back of the venue – has suggested that the sheer intensity of Roy's early rehearsal schedule meant that the music sounded far less radical to the group than it did to their early audiences and critics.

The opening unaccompanied piano chords of "Re-mekel Re-model" – the first track on Roy's Mac – seem also to emerge from a notion of mimetic mood. Rather than pursuing a straightforward narrative of sound, the introductory urban chatter that opens the album fades suddenly away, ghostlike, at the first introductory chords. From Roy's opening words, we are made aware of the mimetic quality of his vocal and lyrical style. He appears always to be

acting a role within the often impressionistic narrative of the songs – and yet the notion of each role is already in itself a stylized pretence. The effect is not to cast Roy, by way of his various characterisations of anti-style after another, as a vocal actor – a performer of performance, so exaggerated in gesture, gesture and the conventions of depicted feeling as any silent movie star.

Lauri Rind once famously remarked that his best lyrics were simply short stories set to music. Likewise, Roy seems to enter the stage of "Re-mekel Re-model" as mid-narrative. "I said but I could not find a way," he sets us right into the rhetoric of verse the deeper, whimsically repositioned as a form of highly exclusive humour. The musical backing is grounded in repetition and extensive breaks – again, in rather the same territory as The Velvet Underground's "I'm Waiting For The Man", in which the satirical of his best shows Roy's vocal the space to draw, preen and perform. The first truly Pop Art flashes of musical and lyrical signage in "Re-mekel Re-model" occur in the use of a pre-organisation number as a backing vocal, the new iconic "DPL 558H" in the best tradition of mid-century Pop album materials, the letters and digits in itself simply dropped in according to their next period fit, the result being a further example of witty, audacious, easily copy or parody.

Bryan Ferry's pronouncement in 1975, "I am, you might say, a collageist" will thus be seen as no odd boast. "Re-mekel Re-model" as it begins to enter its second half, condenses the tradition of showcasing of the individual group members (start a stylized and archaic conversation within an art pop rock group of the early 1970s) with a mounting of styles that would lead Richard Williams, moving from the record for *Adriatic Affairs*, to liken the track to a musical "montage" – a term then virtually unheard of, and laden with art historical gravitas, within the mainstream of the rock great.

The reason of "Re-mekel Re-model" that the group performed on *Maximilian* in 1973 is Ferry and Mackay. In contrast to the rather more polished craft of many of the album's songs, this is a drawing, however light rock song, the distinctly unrefined power of which lends even greater impact to the touches of Pop Art styling. During the performance 'abandoned' section of the song, to which Mackay takes a brief,

subset of the group's much vaunted anti-future would be closer to King'sley's caricature of modernism myments than the sci-fi posttypism of David Bowie's *Jiggy Stewards*. Writing in 1974 in *Creem* magazine, Simon Ford would summarise Bryan Ferry's artistic sensibility as colliding European thought and Hollywood glamour – an artistic observation, and one which the opening of Roy's Mac, at once mimetic and knowingly ironic, had done much to exemplify. Musically, Roy employed similar notions of time bends, subtle changes of tempo to slip from one era to another – jiving and shadow weaving through the hall of mirrors that comprised their sense of stylistic temporality (As Ferry sang on "Do The Strand", "Dance on newswires/While an interview").

Pitched halfway between a buzz and a drone, its falling, semi-rhythmic rhythms underscored by subtle patterns of electronic tone, the new introduction to "The Bob (Medley)", for example, sounded like some outlandish combination of insect song and astronomical technology – while serving as the overture to a track that would feature no less than six tempo changes (including that of a slowest down 100% in the 5:40 of its duration). Such highly atmospheric use of electronics would seem doubly progressive on an album that *Is* and almost instant success not just within the more earnest world of 'serious' rock, but with the same pop-art audience as that commanded by Bowie, Mott the Hoople, T. Rex and Cockney Rebel.

Eno had been experimenting with mixing tapes of Ambient, cinematic sound for some time prior to working with Roy Mac. While still at Winchester School of Art, where he had organised concerts by visiting members of the musical avant-garde such as Christian Wolff and Frederic Rzewski (as well as mixing down the young Andy Mackay, and the New Arts Group, from Reading University to perform a 90 minute piece called *Moss Can Fly* in the Refectory), Eno had played solos on a signal generator, duetting with fellow student Anthony Griffin.

Ultimately true to his belief in the creative relationship between function and aesthetics, Eno would introduce the device of using electronic and tape-first Ambient sound as a bridge between Roy Mac's five members, his role being to create a backdrop of atmospheric sound which enabled the musicians to make other complex equipment changes without disrupting the cumulative dream and mood of the set.



Perhaps of the Eastern world: Roy in 1972



Bryan Ferry on Rockband, German TV, 1973

Enlightening solo, Andy Mackay replaces the rock 'n' roll sax lick which we hear on the album version with a few bars of "Deutschland Über Alles" – a hilariously outrageous direct-on-a-Siemens TV programme in 1973. Later still, on Ferry's triumphant reunion tour of 2001, the guitar break in "Re-acker/Re-reader" would change yet again, from the original's low slung Eddie Cochran riff to the opening bars of the James Bond theme.

Compared with the studio versions, the live performances starting from 1972 and 1973 of material from *Roxy Music* and *For Your Pleasure* inevitably display the far sharper outlines and more vivid colour of Ferry's collage-like founding style. On the version of "Edison! Oh You" recorded for Musikladen in 1972, one becomes aware of the precision handover between leading instruments. Entering its extramusical break – signalled by Ferry's broadcaster announcement, "This way!" – accompanied by a suave shimmy across the stage, left hand still waving to pick up the melody on his electric guitar – the performance allows first Ferry, then Mackay, Eno and Manzanera to respectively drive the sedate, earnestness to excitement, on a rising, swirling electronic note, culminating in a sudden guitar break that allows the thundering machinery of the number to draw breath, so to speak, before commencing the high-tempo climax of the closing verse. "So love me, leave me, do what you will..."

1972 would be a remarkably busy year for Ferry, involving not just the recording of *For Your Pleasure* and Roxy's third album, *Stargate*, but also of his first solo album, *These Foolish Things*. With the departure of Brian Eno and the arrival of Gerald Aul's Eddie Johnson, the sound on *Stargate* moved a few degrees closer to pop convention – but in doing so achieved a new coherence of musical identity. For, at the same time, *Stargate* contains some of Ferry's finest and most complex writing – the nearest precedent to which was the outstanding "Grey Lagoon" on *For Your Pleasure*.

It is worth comparing the 1972 BBC session recording of "Grey Lagoon", with the Musikladen broadcast, a year later, of "Amusez" off *Stargate*. As performed with Brian Eno for the BBC, "Grey Lagoon" is distinguished by a focused, pulsating middle current of electronic noise – the perfect adjunct to Ferry's lyric (frantic the brilliant surge, "Morning sickness on a Friday night..."), but also rendering apparent the far cooler interplay between Mackay's sax and Manzanera's lead guitar.

Once again, the shifting styles of the song move from sultry melodrama – near too slow – to aggressive electronics to dynamic rock 'n' roll, with each stylistic phase seeming to drop neatly into the lap of its successor.

Cut to "Amusez" on Musikladen: Manzanera is seated, and Mackay appears cautious as compared to his former space-urban rocker persona. Ferry, on the other hand, in white tuxedo, appears to have passed through the looking glass of amusez and become the mythic version of himself. Opening with a Little Richardian rock-style guitar lick from Manzanera, "Amusez" carries no fewer than five changes of tempo and mood. But now there is a fluidity to the shifts, as Ferry quips: "From Amusez to Cider de Sire in a mighty long way" – in a voice that sings the theme of a crooner into the ear of a lounge lizard, he suddenly triggers a shift into symphonic tenderness – "Happy little girls, something wrong?" – commencing an imperious solo flourish which comes close to, but never quite reaches, the sentimental mimicry of a spoken lyric. These changes now provide Ferry's performance with the ultimate dramatic freedom, he seems to have become the director of his songs, rather than their mere representative on earth, and thus able to enjoy a cocktail of styles which might include Johnnie Ray, Lata Layns, Humphrey Bogart and Gene Kelly. Signifying off a further change of mood

with the high command of the lines, "I'll try to help you think it's late – you there..." in what has become his trademark vibrato, the song then moves into a spellbinding passage of tinkling funk full of electronic claustrophobia (in one "Grey Lagoon" but now the electronics appear tamed, as opposed to volatile) and threaded through with Eddie Johnson's John Coltrane/Rory Gane-like violin drone. The opening guitar lick is finally repeated, turning Ferry as Williams as the Shark of Amby. "We're almost there!"

Stargate is Brian Eno's favourite Roxy Music album, and represents the ultimate achievement of the group's early style. It has a soaring, liberated, triumphant quality – different in temper to the angular, anxious, free-wheeling drive of *Roxy Music* and *For Your Pleasure*. Finding its biggest British fanbase within the big industrial cities of the north, it would perhaps be the only chart-topping pop album to bring the high style of the avant-garde, its pioneering intellect, to the strip or dusty precincts of the high street and the shopping mall. And so much, it marked a conscious returning of the fine critical values of Pop Art to the source media of popular culture. ☐ The Musikladen DVD is out now on DVD Video, a second *Roxy Music* DVD, *The Thrill Of It All: A Visual History 1972-1982*, is released this month on DVD/Video. Michael Brecker's Be-erke/Re-model is published by Peter & Peter.

Domestic

Unfulfilled dreams of travel, low-fidelity space odysseys, charity-shop LP binges and photophonic experiments, plus the comfortable tension of their communal dwelling: it's all jumbled up in Pran's exotic avant pop. Keith Moliné meets the group in their Birmingham dreamhouse.
Photography: Ivan Jones

In a *easy gub* in Mosley, the Birmingham suburb where they have based themselves since the early 80s, avant pop veterans Pran are generally obliging to describe just exactly what their work is about. "It's the unsettling elements of the ordinary, the weird gaps or margins in what is, or other chromaticness domestic normality," offers singer Mia Simpson, rather impressively. Unfortunately it transpires he's actually still talking about Czech cartoons, which the group have just spent some time revving about as a formative influence. Vocalist Rose Cuckston pitches in: "There's that sense of slight menace in familiar surroundings." It's still not entirely clear whether we're talking about Pran or Eastern European animation, until she adds, "I think that's because of the jerky movements, the idea being dislocated from how your body works." But somehow it doesn't really matter that the Gs and As don't quite match up, it's a sense of nonsequence that seem to make perfect sense. And if that doesn't sum Pran up, nothing will.

In a notorious review of the group's third album *Stargaze Sea* in 1989, the British music weekly *New Musical Express* gave it a rating of 9/16, saying, "There seems to be two people in Pran. One warbles apathetically and plays the cassette while the other teases about with their *Bomberg*." Their current album, *The Moving Frontier* has been tagged "bored just" by the same journal. In a rare if occasionally misguided display of consensus in the mainstream music press, Pran, far from being upset, feel strangely honoured. "Pop's almost like a sacred cow, it's got to be simple and have catchy hooks," claims

Simpson. "If you do as nothing that deviates from the norm, it's not acceptable for some people. But it's not conscious, it's just the way we in our particular group write music. What we do is pop, and there are lots of different models for pop music, but the mainstream wants to marginalise anything that doesn't follow the model of the moment. Some people write music that's much less layered, which doesn't mean it's wrong, it's just a different model."

This model, honed in eight albums over the last decade and a half, is nevertheless a decidedly idiosyncratic one. Despite what the NME would have us believe, there are six people in Pran, and while *Bomberg* organs and cowbells might feature occasionally, so do woodwinds, brass, accordion and mandolin. Simultaneously subtly textured and smoky off-kilter, lugged up with Cuckston's disarmingly understated (but far from warbling) vocals, Pran's immediately identifiable music is some of the most original and intriguing of the last two decades. "Some of the criticism of our stuff has been along the lines of 'What are they on about?' and 'Have they swallowed a dictionary?', that kind of thing," sighs Cuckston. "It's inverted snobbery, a hostility which is a kind of anti-intellectualism. Some people expect music to be sacred, expect it to be methodistic, expect various buttons to be pushed." Indeed, one of the hallmarks of Pran's music is its insistence on subverting the obvious. It's a deliberately belated mechanism, in which a single element is allowed to become too prominent. Uniquely undernarrative, its pressure points are never signalled, never made explicit. "That would

bliss





destroy the tension," moans drummer Laurence Hunt. "Resolve it and it loses its effect." Newcomer member Harry Dawes, a trombonist-turned-musician, elaborates: "This let have tension each other for decades years. The music something domestic about the music, in the best sense. It's very tender, ordered, landscape."

"There's order? Jesus!" roars one Cason memberfully.

Though unmistakably Prem, *The Moving Frontier* marks a significant stylistic departure. About two-thirds of the album is instrumental, at its highest proportion than on previous releases. Some of their signature instrumental sounds—the sour-lok keyboards, scuttling drum kit, spindly guitar embellishments and awkward, asymmetrical bassline—are less in evidence, and the dry, slightly desaturated, unrelentingly produced has been opened out considerably. There's more computer processing and technology in general, with various parts built around loops rather than samples being used simply to reflect existing songs. Indeed, on pieces like "The Empty Quarter" and "The Silk Road" it's impossible to tell where the group and the samples begin, so carefully weaved around each other are the various instrumental lines. The resulting music is richer and more welcome than ever before. This arguably mitigates against some of the clarity of their early work: the way the group sounded like they were trying to reach for the stars while shackled to the Earth on songs like the 15-minute "In Dreams You Too Can Go" from 1989's *The Secret Air Sea Dog: The Earth Is So Small—Hey As You Said*, in which Cuckston's apocalyptic, messianic proclamations ("I agreed to arrive in the sunlight the midnight from my side") are undercut to devastatingly poignant effect by the pensive fragility of the music as its concludes. "But I'm frightened!" Their new work, however, has a whole host of compensatory delights. With their expanded range of instrumentation and increased sophistication, Prem now sound like more than just a dream of flight.

That gap between desire and action, a theme that recurs through Prem's work, is still one that Cuckston is keen to explore. "There was a short story that I read a while ago called *The Captain Of Longmire* by Louis Bloy," she explains. "It's about a couple who dream of traveling and have their house filled with travel magazines and maps, but something always prevents them going. Whenever they set off, they might get into a train struggle and the rest of the train pulls away and leaves them behind. It's a fairly universal theme, that pull between your familiar surroundings and going off somewhere else. There are a lot of ways we deal with it, going back over previous albums." Simpson describes the dominating theme of *The Moving Frontier* as "travelling without travelling. Imaginative travel, filtering things that you receive, the impressions of places, rather than the reality of going to places." While they pioneered the reading of literary allegory for vinyl addicts in the early 80s, blamp the trail for the West of Blackbirds and Birmingham cohorts: Broadcast. Prem are becoming ever more adept at twisting the increasingly vast vocabulary of Easy Listening and lounge back into an emotionally

nuanced language. The *Moving Frontier* pushes beyond the imaginary lands of a Martin Denny record into previously less territory, not for the purposes of escapism or pastoralised irony, but to explore the land of psychology it stress that might manifest themselves as a fixed note on such unfamiliar locations. As Cuckston sings on "The City Sunlayer": "Everyone wants psychoanalysis. No person can be unanalysed!"

The background to the album, which dates five years after their previous release, first featured him in Cuckston taking a substantial to spend time with his young children and the groups involvement in projects that subvert instrumental work (note three songs: "We'd been doing some instrumental gigs as well as some gigs with music," explains bassist and multi-instrumentalist Sam Owen. "We did a big project a year ago called *The Phonographic Experiment* is multimedia concert tour involving a huge collaboration with Project Dark and Blackbody, which was purely instrumental from the band's point of view. That was going to be a weird thing anyway, to create a bit of music that was out there. That's partly why there's been such a big gap between the last two albums. Because we were working on a lot of other. And we've been working on a lot of short film soundtracks as well."

Cason stresses that the distinction between instrumental and vocal tracks is fairly arbitrary in Prem's case. "If there had been tunes that demanded lyrics, then you would have been there," he asserts. "With the stuff we write, it's one time in a hundred that we'll design over whether a song needs lyrics. It's usually mostly plain. You know whether it's an instrumental or a vocal." Indeed, though some may be struck by the album's propensity of instrumental—particularly considering how central Cuckston's almost impossibly distinctive voice, a sublimely airy falsetto and defiant, has always been to Prem—there's no sense of anything missing from the track. Constraining an instrumental setting might have been regarded to begin with, but the group have clearly relished and risen to the challenge. And the five songs on which Cuckston does sing are delightfully oblique, with "Salt Is Sweet" and "Solace" as finely as anything in their catalogue.

Mart Eaton and Rosie Cuckston, long musical associates gone back to their childhoods in Yorkshire. Along with drummer Andy West, they moved to Birmingham at the tail end of the 80s, hooking up with Sam Owen and gigging under the name Hells, before, as Eaton puts it, "a lawyer turned up at one of our gigs." Prem's debut release, 1993's near-album *Gosh*, is still a starting record, for a number of reasons. It's hard to square its sprawling, often disjoint with the often-blamed Grunge and second-generation shopping that held sway over a lifetime rock at the time. Instead, it takes its cue from the feminist post-punk and No Wave of a decade before, while simultaneously preparing the way for later developments in lo-fi and post rock, such as the imaginative deployment of toy instruments. Prem

are just as hard to recognize as the group that would go on to catch the rare live audiences of 1999's *North Pole Radio Station* and 2006's *The Museum Of Imaginary Animals*, but only just. "Gosh was split all round," agrees Cuckston. "I was into UK and The Residents and The Slicers. But if you listen to 'Treasure Troves' [in *Gosh*] and 'The City Sunlayer' on the new album, the way the vocal is it's an odd angle to the rest of what's going on. I can see a link there. I think Gosh still stands up. We took really well jobs to actually put it out on our own label!"

"We did and" rejoins Simpson. "Gosh" will be like for always change."

One of the most remarkable aspects of *Gosh* is its imaginative use of the limitations of the primitive recording technology at the group's disposal. "It was recorded on a four-track cassette in a quiet, basically," says Eaton. "At the time it was just out of necessity. It was the only recording equipment available to us. What we spent the money on was taking these four-track recordings to a so-called proper studio and having them put on proper tape and record on a proper mixing desk. That's where we got 130 of it went to Blackbird, who was the Black Sabbath in the 80s, had a lovely studio that we used our creepy four-track with."

The mysterious way that tape compresses the sound, creating a veil part of the Prem recording process. Though they now record digitally, they still prefer to transfer to tape for the mixing process. Simpson elaborates: "With the mixing of *The Moving Frontier*, it was really about exploring tape to reshape the digital music into the same form that we wanted. The analogue compression on tape that was present on *Gosh* is still really important. Eaton agrees: "We did use a bit of cassette every now and again," he declares. "Always, you know, I love it when you talk to people where you agree to go to the studio and you say, 'I've just put more on cassette actually, and now I'm putting it back in the computer.' Louise Hunt makes the point that their current use of more sophisticated methods is essentially a case of delaying the means at their disposal to the service of the music, rather than to suppress the other. "The sound of that early technology is another tool within the palette of the sound. You can't separate the production from the material. The process is the end product." Embracing to lead head Prem from the elegant clutches of commercial studios, allowing them to develop a methodology in which composition and recording become part of the same process.

Through the course of their career, such new influences have been digested and filtered through their unique aesthetic. You can hear the minimalist aesthetics of Terry Riley's *in C* in the circular keyboard Squares of William S. Burroughs and the Duke Ellington flourish of 1996's more expansive *Music For Blue Flowers*, but they are fully assimilated into Prem's world. An early tour supporting *Just Past* as Jinks Ceiber's Braggwipers were starting to make it big when they played to audiences in the low thousands. "Common People" had just gone into the charts," remembers Eaton. "A small proportion of the

"I love it when you talk to people who've just spent ten grand in the studio and you say, 'I've just put mine on cassette actually'" —Matt Eaton

"When we were young there were always horror films on TV. A generation has been affected by the programming of TV in that era" —Max Simpson

audience weren't ready for Prem in one of our more experimental roles, but we were a lot of new film and converts." Later, tours with *Stencils* and *Mosses* On Mars found their way into satellite company. But telling the group she the narrative of their career is more to do with a constant process of upgrading their tape machines than anything to do with how they've evolved or influenced or related to the changing imperatives of the music scene.

Neither are they comfortable with the idea that locality has any real bearing on their work. Their bedrooms that they have inherited from Birmingham do not define creative community. "There is a really interesting irony, some here," he concedes. "Everyone knows everyone, from Broadcast to 7 Inch Gwene to Modified Trip Orchestra [he is involved with the latter]. There are a lot of artists that are all aware of everyone else and support everyone else. It's quite comforting. Because Birmingham is particularly fragmented, that nurtures the kind of groups that exist. I'm stating the obvious, but I think it colours what the group are like round here."

His others are not used to discussing locality might look like a happening place to sit outside, but he's subject to the same commercial pressures to build neighbourhoods in London, Paris and New York. Both Simpson and Ence have run club nights in the city for years, and their experiences have left them with a somewhat jaundiced view of their locality. "Moosley's definitely not," laments Eaton. "It has lots of pubs but no street drinking. The village area is sponsored by an estate agent. The house parties and the little, briefly legal clubs that we used to go to and DJ at are pretty much outlawed." The new law music legislation makes it hard to hold an event anywhere that is residential area. But anyway, using the locality as a way of explaining what you do is very limiting. It's like having your mum comment on your every move as resembling her or one of your relatives."

In Prem's case, rather than bracket the geographical parameters in an attempt to contextualise the group, it's perhaps more useful to remove them, to pinpoint the very epitome of their creativity as the pre-war terraced house in which four of them live, where their domestic and artistic lives are almost inseparable, organically intertwining. Here's where Prem returned, a musician, released it, built up and dialed into the music that ends up on the record.

The sound of Prem could be described as proceeding from the tension between their roots in the house and their instinct to look outdoors, to travel and dream. But it is a strangely comfortable tension, a kind of collective melancholy, part of an and/or, but welcome rubble of artistic creation. "What defines the sound isn't as refined and refined and refined," Henry Dwyer insists. "The actual recording of this music isn't up on the radio, so it goes through a very long filtering process. It's not like going into a studio where someone else mixes it and you get what you get. It is a product that everyone here is happy with." Hunt takes up the point. "It doesn't matter the order in which people put things down on the track, everything changes as it plays," he

explains. "By the end of the process you reach the same Prem point, because everyone's been involved along the way and has shaped the track." For Eaton the process is just another aspect of their everyday lives. "We just write a bunch of music," he says simply. "The music will continue to get made and it will turn into songs, whether instrumented or vocal. A lot of it arrives from circumstance, say Henry being round the house, and someone else being about. If I don't do music, it does my head in. I'm always thinking of little things and you need the release of actually recording things."

This approach also encourages experimentation and improvisation with an ever-expanding range of instruments. "I'm a bit of a magpie," admits Sam Owen. "I can get hold of a new instrument that I don't know how to play, I will. It's very exciting. It helps you find new ways of making music. It's great to have Henry on another acoustic instrument, usually he's at a peculiar situation because we had a lot of songs partly written and would already played them together a lot. His came into there very new, doing something more experimental. Now I'm really keen to start writing more songs where we just start stuff to come up with ideas." Eaton wasn't content that they might turn into *The Grateful Dead*, before being reminded that he's already been there with the aforementioned "In Dreams," which featured the Sanny Shredder-formed thicket of guitar sound prematurely. Dwyer, he just improviser's talent peaked, suddenly says, "I'm listening with great interest to the talk of 15-minute odysseys..."

Much of Prem's current activity involves work across media, particularly with regard to film. Collaborating closely with local film maker Scott Johnston, they have produced music for short films and introduced film projection into their live shows, to a greater or lesser degree of sophistication depending on the performance situation. "Increasingly we see Prem as a sort of collective production company rather than just a band," explains Eaton. "There are still performances as the full band but also an increasing number of film projects and instrumental performances with greater emphasis on video and film work." Simpson takes up the theme. "Prior to *Dark* I discovered that the sound element is all ourselves," he elaborates. "We used to use a lot of found sound music" and when we started working with Scott he was very much on our wavelength and knew the sort of stuff we were doing, but he could interpret it in more original ways than we were able to." Johnston acknowledges the group live when possible, supplying live visuals, and they collaborate in the production of their own short films. Hunt describes their latest piece of work together. "Scott has done some interpretations of Edgar Allan Poe on film with a little soundtrack by us, featuring Sam on the violin, which I never knew she could play and we recorded it. He's made a coffin cinema for Halloween. The audience, or 'audient', is horizontal in the coffin, looking up at the screen. It's really a relaxing, this coffin. It's quite horrible being made. You get this

film projected about two inches from your face. It's like being in an IMAX cinema and being bound with at the same time. Which was one of Poe's fictions, of course."

Poe as film, as imagined by Roger Corman, and hence is gained, turn out to be the seed of the group's enthusiasm. "When we were young there were always horror films on TV," remembers Simpson. "A generation has been affected by the programming of TV in that era. It has this lingering effect." Eaton concurs. "Every Friday night they showed *Friday the 13th*. When I'd come to school, being a girl I saw *Little Lady Godiva*, *Melinda* and *My Girl* (the girl who was in *The Remains of the Beast* as well) and *The Ancient House of Horror* series. I was absolutely transfixed by that every week." Suddenly the spooky nature of much of the group's music, its sense of shadow and eeriness by means and psychology, seems to have found the perfect logical explanation. Cuckoo then bursts the bubble somewhat by announcing that she grew up without a TV at all.

Prem are in the process of working out the logistics of their most ambitious multimedia project (a date is live soundtracks) to be staged at the Paradise Centre in Paris. They had hoped to be existing music for a screening of *Karel Zeman's An Invitation for Destruction* (a classic example of the Czech animation that the group find so inspiring), but the Czech Film Archive disappointingly ruled the idea, as an alternative is currently being sought. Meanwhile, they have written notes to accompany a touring exhibition of the work of Japanese photographer Daido Moriyama, and perhaps even more intriguingly, have provided a track for use in a short film. Hollywood playboy superstar Mohammed Rafi, a guy called Taseer Badshi has designed a kind of folk-pop album to Mohammed Rafi which includes a set of sound clouds," says Simpson. "So he asked us if we wanted to do a remix of a Mohammed Rafi track and we've done not so much a remix as a reinterpretation. That's a really interesting project, working with a different world." Eaton is particularly thrilled by the project. "It's absolutely awesome even to be asked to do something like that," he gushes.

"One of the great Bollywood singers, he is incredible. One of the most recorded voices in the world. Tremendous voice. And a real gentleman. I feel privileged to be able to do this." He adds, "I'm looking forward to the album."

After nearly two decades operating at pop's furthest reaches, it would be forgivable if Prem felt somewhat bitter about how some of their peers have exploited their innovations and gone on to attain higher profile and greater financial rewards. The group display typical equanimity at the suggestion. "I'm very uncomfortable with the idea that people who are in your peer group are influenced by you, because there are always going to be the same influences around for all of you," says Cuckoo. Simpson agrees. "I think the most you can say is that as being around has helped enable people," he insists. "The fact that we've persisted has inevitably given blessing space to other bands." Eaton simply likes to see why anyone would want to ape the Prem sound, even if such a thing were possible. "You won't get anywhere by ripping us off," he warns. "It's commercial suicide." © The Moving Frontier is our new on Donuts



The Primer

An occasional guide to the selected recordings of a particular artist or genre. This month: Brian Marley follows the hobo trails of the 20th century American composer who devised new tuning systems, and then had to build his own microtonal instruments and towering percussion sculptures in order to perform his grand scale compositions and stage spectacles.
Illustration: Savage Pencil

Harry Partch

Harry Partch playing his
gourd trio with cane gongs



Photo: Harry Partch / John L. Smith



Was there ever a composer who made life more difficult for himself than Henry Purcell (1658–1695)? The moment he began to design and build an orchestra of re-created instruments, some of them large and unwieldy (about as portable as a one-man show of feline jokes), he soon said: his obscurity was guaranteed. The transportation costs of the instruments were prohibitive; finding suitable storage was a major headache; and Purcell was nearly always broke. Because players had to be trained by him in the use of these unfamiliar instruments, whatever performances were to be staged, extensive rehearsal time was required, something that was rarely possible. The performances themselves were few and far between and often they failed to meet Purcell's exacting requirements. This affected, in particular, the large-scale music-theatre compositions from time to time, which were thought to be too ambitious and almost impossible to stage in the way that Purcell wanted them to be. Luckily, however, some performances were recorded to a satisfactory standard, alongside studio and home recordings that date as far back as 1948, and now with most of Purcell's music available on CD and DVD, we have an opportunity to evaluate his achievements.

Purcell was a temperamental character who certainly didn't make life easy for himself or his collaborators, and from the outset luck wasn't on his side. The great Depression that followed the Wall Street Crash of 1929, and the scourging winds of the Dustbowl that destroyed thousands of square miles of prime and arable land between 1933–35, resulted in mass unemployment and considerable hardship, and an outbreak of desperate, poverty-stricken Americans off in search of a better life. Purcell was among their number. For lengthy periods between 1933–42, he rode the rails and lived the hobo life, moving restlessly from state to state, picking up temporary jobs whenever he could, getting locked up in jail overnight on vagrancy charges on as many as a dozen occasions, spending time in the hobo jungles that were usually shrouded by the rail yards, on the edge of towns, where no conclusion failed off into wilderness. His homosexuality was allowed free rein then in so-called police society.

Sometimes he would stay with friends or find a respectable job with a newspaper and read a novel.

During these brief periods of stability, he experimented with instrument design and worked on his valuable treatise on Just Intonation, published in 1940 as *General GFA Music: An Account GFA Creative Work, Its Roots And Its Fallibilities* (an enlarged edition was published by De Capo Press 1951, reprinted 1976). Even later in life, Purcell had a rodder's stance, knowing front and half off at an exuberant pace (mostly in speech and theatre, drama, etc., rather than in the music department) to the next, snapping by an agent, donations from sympathetic patrons and record sales from his subscription club, staging performances whenever he could, progressively building the new instruments that his ever-developing music required.

His earliest works, for piano and voice, date roughly from 1915, when he was 75 years old. They were, by his own account, in the tradition of Western art music, though with occasional experimental leanings – *Death On The Desert* employed undertone effects played directly on the piano strings. Even then he seems to have felt uneasy about the professed French and German influence on American music – something he had in common with Charles Ives and Henry Cowell, though their attitudes to the making of a truly American music were very different from his own. What set Purcell on his lonely trajectory, forever on the fringes of musical society, was a visit to Sacramento Public Library in 1903, where he came across Heinrich Heineholz's 1902 book *On The Senseless Of Tones*. Heineholz's explication of the scientific study of acoustics led Purcell to the conclusion that equal temperament – the system of tonal organisation that had dominated Western music for two centuries – was a disturbingly a mistake. He led by then composed other works as equal temperament and in 1914–16 he wrote a symphonic poem for orchestra and a grand concerto in which the pianist only plays one note, *Fit*. At around the same time he was also experimenting with tunings and wrote a string quartet in Just Intonation. Once 1932, having composed several pieces in Just Intonation and, under the name Paul Ponce, a further two dozen jazz songs in equal temperament for voice and piano, all of which he was dissatisfied with, he performed an auto-lull, composing everything he had written to the hungry Rames of a sleek pet-birded slave.



The open eye

Purcell's earlier playing from records



Purcell with stage models, 1915





The loquax



The quinquaginta reversa

Harry Partch 17 Lyrics Of Li Po

Even as Partch's apprenticeship work went up in smoke, a new music was being formed within him. In 1930, while working at New Orleans as a proofreader at the *Times-Picayune*, he made a first scratchy attempt at Just Intonation in *The Long Goodbye* (now in part by the Third Chinese part Li Po (1932-33 CE), for adopted work in scale with a piano (now) and what he called intonation work. Within a few months he had set these more Li Po poems. Partch had come to appreciate some years earlier that human speech embodied a subtle music all its own, and then a systematic reorganization should correspond largely to the music in the contours of speech. This is hardly a new idea – it barely back dated to the earliest known Greek and Roman musics. Intentionally or not, Partch was revitalizing the baroque tradition, as well as the theories and practices of the Renaissance. Chinese that gave rise to *Li Po* and again in Renaissance Italy. Partch values – 18, uniquely placed within the octave – were assigned to the syllables in the intonation (rather than as in) social line of the Li Po settings, and rhythms were free. Words and voice moved in unison, occasionally separating to produce a stark polyphony. Why was he drawn to use language and voice in this way? "The use of English in what is called serious music is...totally impossible of communication," he once grumbled. "It is a refined and particularly stylized English speech which disordered and spelled me." But it would be wrong to infer that Partch was merely intent on decomposing the standard performance practices of the time.

By 1932 he had composed all 17 of the Li Po lyrics though he continued to tinker with them, an odd, off, for the next three decades. The only recording of the complete set is by Stephen Kates (interviewed) and Ted Meak (later voice), and in terms of the registration of instrument with voice, the accuracy of the performance and the quality of the recording it is second to none. By comparison, Partch's 1947 recording with vocalists William Wendell (ten) of the piece, included in *Enclosure 2* (see

below), sacrifices a degree of accuracy for greater interpretive leeway, and the sound quality is far from perfect. Compared to Kates, who has a background in art song and opera, Wendell's voice, swelling declamatory solo song, has a rougher, more open quality that admirably suits the material. On balance, the *Enclosure 2* performance is preferable, but anyone who loves Partch's music will want both.

Enclosure 2: Historic Speech-Music Recordings 1940s-1950s

Known as *Enclosure 2* (archival programs) created by Philip Blackburn, is an invaluable resource for all things Partch. The series is named after a contemporary work that Partch planned to write in 1939: the year before he died, though no sketches for it have been found. In addition to the ten Li Po lyrics and an interview snippet, *Enclosure 2* contains some of the first recordings of his music, made both for documentary purposes and to be used on *Timpani* records to boost his always meagre (and sometimes non-existent) income. What it shows is how his music developed after the 17 Lyrics Of Li Po. Interspersed with Partch's often scathing but never entirely gratuitous comments about Western art music, and illuminating comments about his own, taken from lectures and introductions to recordings and performances, this set includes: *By The River Of Babylon*, *While My Heart Keeps Beating Time*, *San Francisco Newsboy Chorus*, *San Francisco II*, *Two Settings From Joyce's Finnegans Wake*, *Dark Brother*, *MD Fantasy*, *On The Wind*, *Of An Early American Tune*, *King David*, *The Moon*, *Bliss*, *The Horse*, and the second of two settings of *Louis Carroll's Jabberwocky* entitled *O Frigorous Day*.

Three lengthy notes explain some of the motivations behind his work and how it developed, as well as revealing aspects of his personality that had a bearing on his music making. *Altogether* (the above-mentioned) is a nod to Joyce's novel *Finnegans Wake* (was compiled from two separate recordings of a 1934 memorial meeting attended by Partch's friends, supporters and collaborators) and during a 1955 get-together at the home of one of his

foremost collaborators, Denise Mitchell. The audio collage begins with a comment by Partch: his voice is heard again and again, answering questions, and his poetic sensibility is here saying "Well...I followed by an eloquent slip. He also heard drunkenly playing Chopin at the piano, how memory, for all his doubts he was quite well versed in the mainstream classical tradition. A Quarter-Save Section *Of Motivations And Intentions* is Partch's 1937 lecture on Just Intonation, it listed with photographs examples from his compositions.

The first item consists of excerpts from Partch's *hobo journal*, *After Music*, performed by William Bart (with Shmuel Guyman at the piano) recorded for a 1932 Australian radio broadcast. Partch began writing *After Music* in June 1930, at the start of eight months of wandering through California, Oregon and Washington, taking temporary work wherever he could find it. The journal was scheduled to be published in the early 1940s by Carole Platters of Caldwell, Ohio, but because of the high cost of paper during wartime the publisher abandoned the project – as inevitably did Partch. In 1962 he destroyed his own copy of the journal and entrusted his friend Laurence Marshall, the only other person who had one, to return it to him. Presumably it suffered a similar fate. Marshall had, however, copied the manuscript to microfilm, though Partch may not have known that he had done so. Almost two decades after his death the manuscript was published as *After Music: Collected Journals, Canons, Introductions, and Librettos* (University of Illinois Press 1981, reprinted 2000).

Though essentially a hobo journal, *After Music* also contains writings about music, speech transcriptions for voices and piano, and quotations from folk songs, popular songs and hymns. Even while on the road, Partch had a sense of music: his various living arrangements, most of them minimal – flat packing, ditch digging, etc. – provided at least a head-to-mouth existence. Occasionally when no proper work could be found, he went from house to house offering his labour in return for a bite to eat. The hardships he suffered, the conditions and sexual encounters in the hobo journals, the



Playing the chromelodeon

privations, fertility, sexual potential, banishments, betrayals, dissent, weakness and despair that typify the vagrant life are all to be found in *Winter Music*. But Partch worried no translation at all of it into art. Partch's life experience are so inextricably bound up with his music making that no true understanding can be obtained without understanding something of its author. *Winter Music* is, for that reason, as valuable as *Genesis Of A Music*.

Chromatic Solus contains *Shrout*. Eight Harry Partch's compositions from *A Highway Rising At Bristow* (California and US Highway 1 A Musical Account Of Shire's To exultant! Hope Trip) covered in most detail below in the entry on Volume 2 of *The Harry Partch Collection* both of which were composed in 1943 after he quit his vagrant wanderings. In fact, *Shrout* is so popular, it has been recorded for commercial release more than half a dozen times. The *Enclosure 2* version, recorded in 1988, is revised by William Wendland, with Partch providing adapted guitar and voice. There are also parts for lute and chromelodeon (a 12-pump organ adapted to play 43 notes to the octave, using reeds salvaged from an earlier, discarded instrument of Partch's design, the polyton). The text for *Shrout* is derived from black and other literary humorous comments he found scrawled into a wooden railing while waiting to hitch a ride. Partch's use of the guitar, playing up to black humor, with bounteous wordless vocal solos, succeeds in making something seriously joyful out of largely grim fare.

The Harry Partch Collection Volume 1 see WOLFG 02 2564

The performances on the four individual CDs that comprise *New Worlds Harry Partch Collection*, most

of which were recorded between 1960 and 1972, were first given a commercial release on the new Defunct Composers Recordings Inc (DCR), though Lucienne Marshall had previously issued some of them on a five record *Wagner* set, and Partch's own CDs 5 Records had issued several others. As with the known sets, these CDs are indispensable.

Volume 1 contains *Shrout* (1943-44), the three-part *Pharos And Perseus* (1946-47), *Sixty-Four For Deane Theatre* (1948), and *Glycine At The Edge* (1955). In the early 50s, Partch was moving away from the intoning voice and some instrumentation that characterized his earlier compositions, and towards larger ensembles using tuned percussion instruments such as the marimba ancone, brass marimba, tympani (a xylophone augmented with cut tubs and indented liquor bottles) and cloud-chamber bowls (the top and bottom halves of large glass bowls, suspended from a frame) had replaced his voice more and more along with the inside mounds (two lit light bulbs of various sizes), the spools of wire (which included an antique shell casing) and the quadrangular reverbium (a sock-up-downed maraca flanked by auxiliary sets of keys in the alto register).

He had also discovered that non-pitched clarinets and trumpets were capable of playing scales, monotonically, and had incorporated them into his ensemble. Whenever he invented a new instrument, or found a way to adapt an existing one, he not only wrote parts for them in the work at hand, he noticeably revised earlier compositions to include them. For that reason, the differences between readings of compositions made at different times in his career are often significant, as shown by the overlapping material in the *Innova* and *New Worlds* sets.

If the *Chromatic Solus*—eight songs bookended by two instrumental preludes—an equally in the style of his works for intoning voice, the entirely instrumental *Golden And Yellow* and the lengthy instrumental passages in *Ring Around The Moon* and *Even And Odd* (which includes the *Pharos And Perseus* *Deane*) indicate a new development in his music, though the second of these three pieces is among the slightest of his works.

Allypical but interesting is the brief *Glycine At The Edge*, for alto and baritone saxophones, diamond marimba, bass, cloud-chamber bowls and a single line of joyful text delivered by a "speaking voice". Originally written for Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker, Partch described it as "a minor adventure in rhythm". The version based on this CD is his third and final experiment of the genre. (An earlier version, a mixed *Glycine Deane* *Pharos*, *The Edge Of The World*, substituting trumpet for the alto saxophone, may be heard on *Enclosure 5*.)

The Harry Partch Collection Volume 2 see WOLFG 02 2564

Partch later added *Glycine At The Edge* to his set of four home-made pieces entitled *The Wayward* which takes up most of Volume 2 of *The Harry Partch Collection*. The four parts of *The Wayward* are: *US Highway 1, Six Rivers*, *A Setting Of The Chorus Of Two New Songs* and *A Foggy Night In The Twentieth*. The latter (the setting of a letter Partch received from Pablo, one of his vagrant pals) and *Shrout*. The recording of *Shrout* here undertaken in 1962 under the direction of Denise Marshall, is loosely focused and less intense than the slightly rare but superior 1988 version directed by Partch (see *Enclosure 2*).

The most substantial composition in *The Wayward* is *US Highway 1*, which chronicles a freight hopping journey from San Francisco to Chicago that Partch undertook in the summer of 1947. The title references a tall-shaped roadside sign which indicates that the line is clear. The 1962 recording on this CD is one of Partch's major achievements. The text derives from place names (often humorously altered), folk descriptions, anecdotes of busier conversation and Partch's own thoughts and observations. A singing voice presents the subjective material, and an intoning voice the objective. The instrumentation consists of kithari (a 12 and surrogate kithari (large upright stringed instruments played with felt or reeds or ribbed, dark and light, stricken with a) diamond marimba, spools of wire, blosky (a set of four stretched out horns and three small organ pipes, powered by a foot bellows, capable of emitting the mournful sound of a freight train horn), brass marimba and cloud-chamber bowls. Partch's music shapes itself beautifully around the shifting contours of the vocal lines, changing pace in accordance with the fits, starts and much directed jibe of the train.

In 1987 one of Partch's collaborators, Ben Johnston, made an arrangement of *US Highway 1* for the *Kronos Quartet* (Johns, Newman), He crafted the text's dual strands into a single whole, sung intoned by David Berman, and seems to have drawn more on Partch's first version of the piece than either of the two later revisions. As equal with Kronos, the ensemble playing is technically superb, but the sound they make in concert is too homogeneous to



The almost-identical vessels



Performing *The Roadblock*, San Diego State University, 2019

out Perich's music, and even slightly muddy, one misses the variety of attacks and the tectonic range of his instruments.

Before issuing Volume 2, attention should be made of *And On The Seventh Day Percs Fell in Paradise* (1984, revised 1985), one of Perich's most substantial instrumental. As an introduction to his music it's just about perfect, in that it uses all of his instruments but one—indigo wails. In a series of 34 one-minute "verses"—consisting of solo, duet and trio which are then superimposed to form smaller quarters and quaters, as interesting as a fugue—he explores a huge range of rhythm and tonal possibilities. By the time, some two-thirds of his instruments were percussion, encompassing a shift in his music from melody/harmony to rhythm/rhythm. Perich wrote the piece as a study for his large scale music made the wire composition *Delusion Of The Fury*, but on its own merits *Paradise* is a remarkable piece of work.

The Harry Partch Collection Volume 3

1976/1978 CD 200

Volume 3 contains four compositions. *Round The Dying (And In Phases)* (1967) was written to accompany a display of gymnastics. *Widening* (1968), on which Perich overdubbed all the instruments, is the soundtrack that Perich provided for a short abstract film by Madeline Tourtelot. His final composition, *The Dreamer That Remains* (1972), is embedded as a Stephen Poulter film about Perich. *What? When? An Intermission With Prologue And Epilogue* (1961), a music-theatre piece with an operatic undertone, took its title from Perich's joyful observation that the intermission, when the audience rushes into the foyer desperately searching for a drink of some kind, is the focal point of any evening at the concert hall. The music is much less microtonal than usual, and a jazz group features in the plot. This recording of excerpts was made shortly after the work's final performance in 1967. Recognising that the work was flawed, Perich eventually withdrew it from the Gene 5 catalogue.

The Harry Partch Collection Volume 4

1976/1978 CD 204

Fundamental to Partch's musical philosophy from the outset had been the idea of a composed (not intellectual or learned) art. During the first two decades of his life, as the scale and scope of his works expanded considerably, so too did his notion of corporality. In the end, large scale compositions of actual music-theatre—*King Oedipus*, *The Swatchhead*, *Revelation In The Courthouse Park* and *Delusion Of The Fury*—the performers and the instruments are onstage, as part of the art, and when not playing their instruments, the musicians move freely from them to sing, dance and enact. There are few "dead" moments during which musicians remain immobile and try to be unobtrusive, silently counting time while awaiting their next point of entry into the music.

The first composition in which the elements of Partch's corporeal aesthetic are fully integrated is *The Swatchhead*, a Duane Smith (1966), which comprises the final volume of *The Harry Partch Collection*. In 1987 *The Swatchhead* was staged at the University of Illinois, where the recording was made. CRI gave it its first commercial release, and in 2005 New World churned up the recording before reissuing it again. Finally, it sounds marvelous.

Enclosure 5: On An Ancient Greek Theme

1976/78 DCD 2104

Disc 2 of this set features a 1989 recording of *The Swatchhead*, directed by Kenneth Gibson, played by The Patch Ensemble under the direction of Dennis MacNeill for broadcast by WGBH-Calgary. Its subtle allusion to *Myriad* sets this version as Volume 4 above, but both contain commercial and pleasing performances. Perich always had a strong interest in ancient Greek music-theatre, but he never tried to recreate it on his own terms, and his compositions are either of his own time or no time in particular. The wordless chanting choruses and vocalizations of the wind in *The Swatchhead* contribute a musical timeliness and neo-culturality

specific) rather than a (its own device, unlike *King Oedipus*, which Partch based on the 1651 *Verses* version of Sophocles's play).

This composition had a checkered history. While travelling in 1934 on a Carnegie grant, Partch travelled to Yale in Ireland and secured his permission to set *King Oedipus* to music. But after the poet's death in 1935, his executors refused to allow Partch to use the work, despite Yale having given his consent. Partch was obliged to send the text in order to circumvent copyright. This negative situation had a positive outcome: his release as other people's literary works diminished considerably and he became a true dramaturge. His self-authored librettos were sometimes clumsy (*What? When?* for example), but his corporeal aesthetic didn't become a footnote until he undertook, for better or worse, all aspects of the creation and staging of his works.

King Oedipus, finally completed in 1951 and here clearly recorded the following year in Mills College, California, is an extremely powerful but rather stiffly literary music drama that he took to Perich's unusual state and discursive style, though with a large instrumental ensemble and as an extension chronometric of his later work.

Enclosure 5 also contains: *By The Rivers Of Babylon* (1976/78 Partch/1987, revised 1990) for voice chromolodeon, lute and adapted wails; Perich and Ben Johnston playing the "Mosaic" from Johannes Philipp Kager's *Praxis in G* on harmonic cello and tuba; two versions of Partch's composer friend Douglas Moench's *Come Away Death* and an excerpted version, from 1961, of *Revelation In The Courthouse Park*. Two days prior to this recording, Madeline Tourtelot filmed the dress rehearsal of *Revelation*, excerpts from which can be found on Enclosure 7.

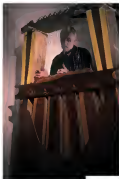
Revelation In The Courthouse Park

1956/75 DCD 2101

Based on Euripides's *Ion*, the twin scenarios of Partch's untimely *Revelation In The Courthouse Park* are set in the palace of ancient Thebes, an one

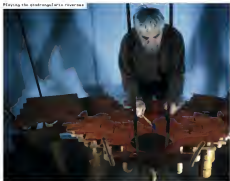


Partch plays the harmonic canon II of rehearsal for *Delusion Of The Fury*, 1967



The Indians II

Playing the quadrangle on a riverbank



might suggest, and in an American countryside park. Eurypides's key characters—Pentheus, Agave and Dionysus—are given American counterparts, Sonny, Moen and Dion. The scenes are set alternately in America and Thebes, and three principal singers take on the dual roles. Partch's version of the laboratory surrounding the young god Dionysus in Eurypides's drama is the drug, verging on hysterical fascination that Moen/Agave and the female firm (the Beethes) have for the Hollywood idol Dion/Dionysus, which disturbs Sonny/Pentheus. Though the dual characters aren't strictly equivalent, the scenes play out in parallel, with Agave/Moen finally, in a fit of madness, killing Pentheus/Sonny.

This complete performance of *Revelation Is The Courthouse Park* was recorded in the University of the Arts, Philadelphia, in 1967. The ensemble uses nearly every instrument Partch invented, plus cello, double bass, mandolin, tape, and a group of entertainers (jazzolo, blues band, drums, two guitarists, dog dancers and tamblers). The American scenes are, in musical terms, stylistically denser, drawing on folk and pop, veering into the territory occupied by musicals, whereas the Theban scenes involve intoning woe and tears (considerably Ptolemaic music).

The idiomatic contrast is especially jar, but overall *Revelation Is The Courthouse Park* is coherent and enthralling, if a little long winded. There were to be no such flaws in his next major project.

Enclosure 6: *Delusion Of The Fury – A Ritual Of Descent And Delusion* (1968) CD 2003

Delusion Of The Fury (1968) is without a doubt Partch's crowning achievement. Each of its two acts, which play without an intermission, is based on a folk tale—the first Japanese, a tragic 18th century nekk drama called *Asakusa*, the second an Ethiopian tale called *Justice*, about a funeral

misunderstanding. The “Exordium,” an instrumental overture, leads the audience into the web of dream and delusion, and is repeated when both acts have played and the drama is drawing to a close. An instrumental bridge between the two acts is provided by the “Sanctus,” which serves as a postlude to Act 1 (about a reconciliation between the living and the dead) and a prelude to Act 2 (about becoming reconciled to little little absurdities). In each of its two acts, *Delusion Of The Fury* shows the futility of anger. Once again, nearly all of Partch's instruments are involved, creating a grandiose yet intimate own night. The principal singers take on dual roles. Along with the singers and the accompaniment, the instrumentalists are contained, and they engage in the stylized gestures of mime-ritual when not obliged to play (though even the act of playing is ritualized). Musical director on this production was Partch's most trusted aide, Denise Mitchell.

Enclosure 7

1968/2, 1972, 2003

Enclosure 8

1968/1, 1972, 2003

Anyone who wishes to gain a fuller understanding of Partch's concept of the corporeal should view these DVDs. *Enclosure 7* offers Madeline Tavelor's film of the above-mentioned production of *Delusion Of The Fury*; a bonus within shows how in which Partch demonstrates his instruments (originally issued as a bonus LP with the Columbia Masterworks edition of *Delusion*, reissued on CD by Innova), excerpts from *Revelation Is The Courthouse Park* and Stephen Paulson's documentary, *The Dreamer: The Rehearsal, A Portrait Of Harry Partch*, about Partch's instruments and his music, in which his final composition is performed. Along with *Straw Music*, *Genesis Of A Music* and *Innova's Enclosure 3*, *A Patch Scrapbook* is lavishly produced book containing numerous photographs, handwritten documents, correspondence, essays,

sketches and scores, covering every aspect of Partch's life; the film provides a terrific insight into Partch's work and people.

Four of the films on which Partch collaborated with Madeline Tavelor are included in *Enclosure 8* (1968/2), a film about the making of *Midnight* entitled *Musical Studio: Harry Partch* (1968), *Rehearsal: The Study In All Its Phases* (1968), and *US Highway* (begun 1965, completed 1968). There's also a half-hour documentary entitled *The Music Of Harry Partch* (1968), made for KGBS-TV in San Diego, and filmed performances of *Revelation: The San Diego Partch Ensemble* (directed by Denise Mitchell, 1981) and *Chester And Polka* (ensemble Partch), directed by John Schneider, with choreography by Ur Hoelner, 2003).

Partch's legacy

Composer and instrument inventor Dean Drummond is the director of *Revelation*, an ensemble dedicated to the performance and recording of microtonal music. Since 1991 Drummond has been the custodian, following on from Denise Mitchell, of Partch's instruments, which are now housed at Northern State University, North York. On each of four Newstead CDs to date there has been at least one Partch composition; a transcription for flute and one of Drummond's instruments, the microtonal, of *Two Studies On Ancient Greek Scales* (Partch, Cigar, Editha, Drummond, Moore), eleven variations on *Dark Brother* (Partch and Drummond, Innova), *Dispos Of The Dunes* (Newstead/Peter Macdonald Works by Partch, Paganini, Drummond, Roundham, Mark, Model), and *Center And Polka* (Drummond Of The South West Music And Arts). Of these, the performances of *Eleven Intonations* and *Dispos Of The Dunes* are the most satisfying, comparable to the best performances made by Partch. Let's hope there's more to come. □ Thanks to Philip Blackburn and Joseph Wilson.

Charts Playlists from the outer limits

Infinite Lives 15

Synonyms: *Melospiza* *chrysolaema*

[illegible]

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A Sagrada Partitura 15

Keywords: *depression, mood, mood disorder, mood disorder with anxiety, mood disorder without anxiety, mood disorder with anxiety, mood disorder without anxiety, mood disorder with anxiety, mood disorder without anxiety*

[illegible]

Jumbo Records 15

Abstract

[illegible]

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The Office Ambience

Typed Signatures

[illegible]

Evaluating The 90s Sound Source

Soundcheck This month's selected CDs and vinyl

Six Organs Of Admittance Shelter From The Ash DRAKE CITY CD

Based in the stereotypes of *Shelter From The Ash*, the truth and honest official Six Organs Of Admittance isn't, is a thank you from Ben Chasny to Henry Corbin, from whom the former has borrowed a book title to open this triumphant, clanging new work. Along 16th The Atoner, Corbin was a scholar of Sufism and other esoteric matters, a man of deep emotion and mind-expanding notions about the place of the sacred in all our lives. He wrote a truly about deep and difficult things, and shed a warm, and a welcoming, unassuming light. I've felt far a while that people wrote too much about Chasny as guitar god, and didn't pay enough attention to what we might call the emerging Six Organs eschology—the historical use of his own distinctively morphological world.

This mystic mind is quiet, or better to say an-anything, active and somehow very American. It's the "invisible" in *Great Menus: An Invisible Republic*. It's instead Gary Snyder rather than someplace like Ginsberg. Chasny is an American mystic poet excellence—like Sam Shepard and Dennis Johnson, say, or Henry Smith and Thomas Merton.

Chasny's witty, careful songs can seem at times almost stretched, then dense, but at the same time, deeply lyrical, issuing with the hope of transcendence. It was always there as a pointer in the voice of source—the Buddhism-referencing Six Organs Of Admittance—and while Chasny may be nothing like a doctrinal weaver of any stripe, his songs hum with an itch for revelation and transport. When early Six Organs sent mainly showcased Chasny's own solo acoustic guitar work, he has slowly plotted a revivifying (and better recorded) new course, from 2008's *School Of The Flower* on through 2009's *The Sun Awaits*. These were still recognizably Chasny—especially the sweetly central use of guitar pedals on *Flower*—but *Shelter From The Ash* is something else again.

The key contribution here seems to be that of Chasny's new presence. Else Amburge of *Misq* Murders who not only adds a fresh reassurance of guitar and vocals, but maybe something more, a necessary electric meat feature. It's also about the spontaneity of de-Nobel Pat's Smith to Chasny's more selflessly professional Sam Shepard. Shelter still sounds like Six Organs Of Admittance, but there's a vintage pulse of new textures, new tenets, a clarified, widened sense of space, pace and structure. Amburge may have given Chasny the visceral push to go with his thrice-given voices, it's like Richard B. Lunde's *The Moon Covered By Rye*. True, one minute as gorgeously breathy as breath, but then in *Skins Of The Lid*, the next moment of guitar guitar, formal descending like an OM eschology. There are more songs than instruments, and Chasny's songcraft saw more than one minute as guitar sounds, he wrote here in a string of kind of personal or bleat, add gently like a series of less and redemption in a stark, streamlined desert of the mind.

In the Pat's Sam set-up, it's Amburge who plays the patient noisy-chord cave gal, the roystic howler and shout, while Chasny is the softer, more sustained hand. There is still a lot of nylon-string Misq guitar here, but coarsely, Shelter has the feel of a definite and multi-headed no-mixes rather than just a collection of box and pieces. "Blaise With The Atoner" is a thundercloud of an instrumental, a dialectic of bewitching acoustic and jagged electric guitars, an enveloping dance. "Strangled Road," the first Chasny-Amburge duet, is like a stonemason on a postage stamp, a mystic Western from 1973, part real desert, part imaginary journey, with twirling reddish-trump poetry out of Pezomph. "Gilded the mouse and the shadow last night I was asleep" with The woman and the crooked? "I'm Coming To Get You" has a massive and irresistible hook of a chorus, set inside a descent of rapeseed of Henry Metal guideline, punchy and spiky extended folk.

"Fast Wing" has Amburge again on vocals, a place that feels both intimate and spontaneous and could be about sex or new love, or as revelation—either way the revealed truth reveals a powerful feeling to Earth. Chasny's acoustic playing has never sounded so intriguingly abstract, all tactile wheels and eddies, almost entirely lovely. But the guitars are framed with a wild, old side of new sounds—Wurlizer, vibes, field recordings, plus no. Inevitably, experimentally, informal, deceptively simple, drawing you back constantly to find new shades and nuances.

It all ends as an appropriately rural scene with the gentle, almost Western-flavored sigh of a moment. "Goodnight" (*Shelter From The Ash* is a deeply eschering record, but it's like one of those chapters in *Richard B. Lunde's Assembly Of Mischance* that points strange and a little to the side. With its clouds of odd light in unexpected places, it is a healing rather than hating record. Chasny's lyrical landscape may be all dust and howl, but this is not empty formalism or emotional revelation. It's a work of a rich, dark soul at its own. It feels like Chasny is almost at that point—like *Mercy Run on Downside Songs*—where he might just make a record that could "crash over" his perhaps no coincidence that Amburge has stayed in a similar (and in the brilliant new *Misq* Murders set, *Downside Songs*—perhaps not coincidentally—the only other record as the nearest that a) listen to as a whole and b) makes me feel woozy and dense and clearly inside).

It sometimes feels as if there are too many albums coming out of the New Folk scene—well, I'll quote Chasny himself, briefly: "I'm sick of hearing all protest, no heart." This isn't a problem with *Shelter From The Ash* with its secular anomalies, an elevation of wear melancholy and burning light, exuberance and prayer, abandon and craft. This is a 62-minute song suite that takes you wanting more, not less. □



Old England (L to R) Chasny (right) with new partner Elise Amburge.

Ben Chasny's cabalistic songcraft and star-crossed deserts of the mind leave Ian Penman wanting more



Pam & Gary Windo
Avant Gardeners

REF: 1000491602 13

Ray Russell

SECRET ANYTUM

REF: 1000491603 13

GP Fitz-Gerald & Lol Cozhill

ECHOES OF DUNDUN

REF: 1000491602 13

Kevin Ayers And The Whole World

Hyde Park Free Concert 1970

REF: 1000491603 13

Ken Hyde's Talker

DREAMING OF GLENDALE

REF: 1000491602 13

Attempts to define the consciousness of activity that surrounded greatly missed the US, as the early 70s, at the wake of Soft Machine are typically somewhat vague. "The Canterbury Social" implies some whimsical, graduate Englishness. Jazz rock is another label bandied around, which, for all its vagueness and fairly pejorative overtones, at least demonstrates the pace in which these unearthed recordings are located: somewhere between, above, around, beyond, jazz and rock.

However, jazz rock here doesn't mean some musical hybrid, whimsically discarded at some point today, where rock benefits from the legitimacy of jazz, and jazz in turn gains from the heftiness of rock. The extant in which these recordings operate is so wide as to be unperceived. This was a place where Mike Oldfield and Lol Cozhill rubbed shoulders, ditto Pink Floyd's Nick Mason and Gary Windo – just two degrees of separation between stadium pomp rock and Albert Ayler, in a time when all kinds of channels of non-centralist criticism remained a closed. More of these releases from the archives – the Ray Russell and Ken Hyde's Talker discs are reissues of helvetic obscure recordings, whereas the other albums here are previously unreleased – are set to follow in spring of next year, and if it feels like there has been been a lot of positive material emanating from the Soft Machine era recently, do not let this reissue date you from investigating this truly distinctive batch.

Pam & Gary Windo's *Avant Gardening* features live and studio recordings made between 1974 and 1976. The free tenor saxophonist Gary Windo, who can be heard to great effect on Robert Wyatt's *Post Box*, spent his formative years in America in the 1960s and returned to the UK in 1969 with a freeblowing, shivering style reminiscent of the likes of Archie Shepp (natchecked on "Shepp Here!").

In the *avant-garde*, Windo is quoted talking of his "madness": certainly, there is a feeling about the way Pam Windo plays the piano that she is shadowing him, maintaining him satistically fast he became fully entangled in the rehers. Despite his clear debt to US free jazz, Windo, like many of the UK players, adds something of his own, an evocative fury, a raging threat, perpetually quenched, that borders on abstraction, and feels like beating away from staid domestic mores, for African-American new jazz players. In contrast, there was perhaps a more confident, grounded sense, as with US American punks, that they were playing an evolutionary part in their own tradition, rather than engaging in neo-classicism.

Although Ray Russell's *CV* includes a spell as sideman to Cliff Richard and winning the prizes to US TV shows like *A Touch Of Frost* and *Big Game*, on 1970's *Secret Anytum*, with an ensemble including Windo and Harry Beckitt, he was blurring the tempo of the dates of perception of jazz rock. And yet, although his playing here is exploratory and novel, a highlights sense of the difficulties of playing distinctively "free" electric guitar, where the times were so soaked in the blustery freiborn oneness of conventional 70s heavy rock.

More successful is *GP Fitz-Gerald & Lol Cozhill's Echoes Of Dundun*, subtitled *Three Ray Deane Dates For Electric Guitar & Soprano Saxophone*. These echo-drenched, 1965 sessions, shelved by Virgin, are freestyle indeed – two welcome aspects intermingling in a state of absolute free play in the danger of obscurity – as *Redoubtable Place* had, Edinburgh, to be more precise. Search back: Fitz-Gerald's guitar style is less raucous, less rocky than Russell's, and there are shades of granular and even musique concrète in his accompaniments to

Cozhill's swallow-like soprano. Indeed, it seems to embrace more recent efforts to incorporate laptop electronics into jazz. Finally, quite glorious stuff.

Kevin Ayers And The Whole World were something of a pickup combo whose membership varied from Mike Oldfield as bass to Lol Cozhill and David Bedford. Robert Wyatt briefly joined them during the period when he was deciding whether or not to leave Soft Machine. They played at the Hyde Park Free Concert in 1970, alongside Edgar Broughton Band, Roy Harper and Pink Floyd, zero Albert Ayer. Another Ayer's subseries, piloted by Hella Angelis, was to have seen them bush through a series of Ayer's songs, including the sweet-off, funk-like riffing of "Did It Again", and they unravel them in free-form improv, an uncommon interface with the festival multitudes.

Finally, there is Ken Hyde's *Talker* and their *Dreaming Of Glendale*, recorded in 1976. Scottish drummer Hyde is a sometime associate of various Soft Machine including saxophonist (then Deane), wanted to ditch free jazz playing from both its American and modernist connotations and reinvented it with his Celtic folk roots. African music jazz, avant funk, even Pipe Major John Burgess and The Black Watch Pipe Band. This he does with remarkable restraint and lack of compromise, ensuring the commercial aspects released in what appear to be music poles apart. On "Gilding For The Bears", you fleetingly think of other Northwest European taking on jazz as an idiom – Jan Garbarek springs obviously to mind. However, whereas Garbarek's music hangs high, aerially above the fjords, Talker are down there among the past and the shoring.

Michael King, the man behind Real Recordings, stresses the importance of renewing these recordings as analogue, and while *Echoes Of Dundun* is quite pristine, with a clarity that exacerbates its contemporary feel, there is a sense with other discs here that analogue functions as a sort of preserving spirit, a world gate through which to contemplate the ultra-modern manifestations of the distant past. These reissues are a testimony to make open times. □



Newly unearthed treasures from the British jazz rock underground recall a time when the ghosts of free jazz were within touching distance of the mainstream, says David Stubbs

unmistakable, one will over both the opener "So Give The Road" and closer "Fare You Good". At one point she sings of "no beginnings, no endings, like a winding river about". Chris Carter meanwhile, weaves her lines in an elaborate mesh of words and rhymes, high concepts and ironic dystopianism in the water-gate of haltingly sweet-melodious which stop short as it suddenly dissolves.

[illegible]

Consumer Electronics Nobody's Ugly

If you hit yourself on the head long enough, it'll feel great when you stop. Nobody's happy for a smaller group. The work of Philip Berr, son of a Whitehouse current conservationist, finds the 12-year-olds (both after the outbreak) were an intentional teenage cultural conquest: they did it on purpose. There's no punning post-industrial permission granting power: electronic art taking vocal drawing from the vocabulary of child abuse and sexual assault. There's no need during these two weeks to wonder whether you're *Shogun* to a modern day Marquis de Sade or just in an actual Japanese Kyo. It's compared to a whole new world and done really

Nobility is still pretty anxiety inducing, however. Produced by the other half of WhatHows, William Bressan, it begins up thick, drawing what came into being, dramatic atmospheres. The smoky haze builds and builds as a swirl of smoke on "Black Cat Wile" or "The Love of the Devil" is a very good sign that we're wondering. On the flip, "Thinking Inside" is an one, mindbogglingly enhanced of being a thought to put the matter in place and it flows. Bressan made his Computer Electronics recording debut in 1982, before his first full-length with Bressan in 1985. Now, he has a special under that name but hasn't been entirely understood. Nobility suggests there is more to come, and in its simplicity of presentation and construction, it's a fine way of using space to deliver a true picture of what Bressan's world is all about.

CD, 60 MIN.

Alvin Curran & Cenk Ergün
The Art Of The Fluke

In *The Art Of The Fake*, Alan Cumming (Oxford-based composer and laptop performer) Cask Ergin "present their artful survival through a sequence of coincidental accidents: entrapments and exposures". Using a concatenation of audio samples – USNs cop chase terror symphonies in bluesy and confessional beat off the wire of a man in radio the

logomorphs of an eutectic in full video pitch and the speeds of hardware copulation—Darwin and Englin work without preplanning to construct a male college: conceptual rigor facilitating a robust reuse of media

Rentomasa never did have much truck with transition, and the eight tricles ran into each other, generating jump cut structures and incongruous juxtapositions of material. The opening track leaves red-tinted electronic against the sustained tones of a sampled choir in the second number; the choir's sounds also join into sustained overings on heavy chattering voices are overlaid on top. The structural flow made to slow-rendering electronic sounds to brush new to the surface, the point is to be illustrated shape that intention would have been with able to quantify some.

The development of post-Modernist composition is all so formalism essentially been a dialogue between control and intuition. Corbelli's ends have always aimed towards the latter and what the true potential of non-structure is revealed, more conventionalists often feel threatened. As Corbelli and Engle transform their successors into a more sensitive and build an architectural master plan from the fabric itself, the potential of modernism to push its own process becomes a thing of perpetual sound or **INTELLECTUAL**

Rhodes Deviles
Cover Shadows

A sympathetic collaborator, primarily African countries, Abiodun Gbemi has been under-reported as a role artist in the context of studying his music as an inspiring hero, but he has returned a strong public engagement with his instrument. He is actively working to continue an oral legacy that is linked with syncretism, growth of the African continent and contemporary African culture. He is also a member of the African Union, a group of African states that is working to promote the continent's growth and development. He is also a member of the African Union, a group of African states that is working to promote the continent's growth and development. He is also a member of the African Union, a group of African states that is working to promote the continent's growth and development.

It would be very hard for the first time around to guess that it was not on a stage. On this occasion Davis plays it with an E bow – a device that produces endless sustain and which has long been part of his soundmaking arsenal. That choice might have led to yet another glacial-paced dance [and the world has heard enough of those lately], but what makes this such a stunning release is the speed with which Davis shifts the sound to a scintillating, limited to imperious duo. Davis keeps the music mobile, drawing the listener through a succession of warm, often dreamlike, acoustic states.

The result is like a speeded-up *Baroque*, as full, eternally rich, more complex than any other. The evidence of the impression is clear and unforced, and each new phrase feels part of a developing argument. Clavin's work is about trust and social relationships rather than technique or spontaneous self-expression. Here, joined somewhere between impressionism and composition, he transforms the heap into a vibrant and responsive tone generator. **WILL WORTHINGTON**

Kevin Drumm & Daniel Menche
Georgetown

Have you ever imagined what would happen if you could listen to yourself physically as the last frenzied moments of The Velvet Underground's "Sister Ray"? (as having that confounding and transcendence-fueled fusion of distorted guitar and organs in the same way that a jellyfish might be a more-tooled power?) I would like to think of it as 20 minutes out-of-control of those flowing, shaking frequencies a measurement of tearing, undistorted audio that's caught eternally between harmonic noise and the very characteristics

Although less than a decade of hyperinflation ravaged more than 100 nations, this is their first joint effort. But the combination of Dornier's prepared paper, Manchi's battle-scarred target and a caricature of Germanic peddlars proves immediately lethal. Gunfire bullets readily opening with a clumsy, nervous trigger that belies the firmness of a shy Jew or an Confusion is the one Saxon North before being subverted by the rising tide of Manchi's insouciantly placed spears.

[illegible]

Extra Golden
Ultra Ma Negro

Just England is a refuge for the Washington DC rock music special-interest group led by Golden, who took them to Kamp in a study barge. Probably the most popular of Golden's early initial moves, being adopted tradition: a bottle and germanium junctions into electric guitar and took the country by storm, the first being especially being (Bertie) Just. England began by documenting and researching for a documentary. But quickly moved to be performing and producing with being numerous. For the second time Golden, Allen England and the Washington colleges, Allen England's college was from England's first trip to the college with former Gary's Wood. The result is a lawsuit out of being: songs spread with a pinch of rock into a massive meeting group that took being and rock, started by supplying electricity.

The opening "Jabalón" is the perfect blend: a slick, knowing groove enhanced by David Byrne's piano and strategically placed headclips. The tune stretches its limbs into a slower section where the flowing guitar lines contrastively articulate. *Oblique* is a

contemporary jazz song, thinking L5
owner Garret Shiner for solving his
problems "I Miss You" to listen to its romantic
and with shiny slide guitar. Further chemistry
"Night Rainers" takes a moment to relax
The five discs, while braced with each spirit
will follow over the strategy "Strut Parade"
Dave Golder have a great ensemble sound
founded on Mongo's cheering guitars and
Drum's even their approach to the drum kit.
More so than most "Wild Men"
collaborations that is a cross-cultural project
whose music of ourselves run deep

Falmouth
Coloured by Massena

James Wallace's Garden Community led his school's annual live in these past Fall. Overlaid notes: *Waggle possible. They made Prog. (last) big again. At their best, Garden Community's unashamedly greatest tracks with their glowing sugar coated lyrics, are available. The heads in the air antennae of Garden Community's previous report stress that the undiminished sounds of *Catfish in Memory* are a surprise. A little more so for being the work of Julie Farley who made his name producing classic plot of *Techies* work notes.*

Much of Coloured In Memory sounds like Tchaikovsky again: it's the same. There's a huge amount of space in these tracks, into which compellingly easily and they of sadness wash in while agents like ups and downs of beats pick out the barriers. Among the spectra within these easy-on-the-ears, the album's rendered twice as sometimes as silence into moments of living heavily inside in the most intense of "Blissful" with a coherent series of late gains and "Fugue II: The Affair," with a fuzzy (retro) melody which will become off each other.

For all *Clayton's* *Minicoyne* pretensions, though, there is a lack of innovation: even a belated one that makes it barely presentable. Farley has removed the lifeboat *Twelve* pulse from her production but cannot understand what to put in its place. The vocal tracks scattered throughout at the LP are slack members, such the formerly lumpy snare (Farley no longer suddenly too shy to put it up there for show). Even the album's dearest moment, the druggy wattle of "I Need Medication," in its quiet choir it shuffles off almost apologetically.

The Family Elan Starts Of Green

LOUROT MAKE IT One Hadowickian's member of Glasgow-based worshipful folkies: The One Ensemble, led by Willem The Bear's David Pridmore, and the two Nolls: The Enemy. This is his own project, and while both the group's name and the fact the debut album features Nolls's former Tubbies suggest otherwise, it is absolutely a one-man operation.

State Of Grace is built around 11 harrowing, confident performances on love, loss and related ailments, embellished with his slightly dead voice and event-fodder work. Each piece sounds like it might take off in another direction at any moment, and isn't. *All About* and "Dance" — *State Of Grace* also

Miles Davis
The Complete On The Corner Sessions
 JAZZ LEGACY 1442

Starting 1972, Miles Davis began to play Stockhausen's *Hieronymus* on the cassette machine in his Longfellowish. On 23 October 1972, he created the sports car. *The Complete On The Corner Sessions* is a record of a time in which the speed, technology and modernism of popular culture altered the same crash site. This six CD collection, the eighth and apparently final volume of the Miles Davis boxed sets, invites us to revisit that site, with three years of studio material including and subsequent to 1972's *On The Corner* itself. It features 12 previously unreleased tracks and several not before heard in their complete form.

Recorded and masterminded when it was released, no record better captures the flavor of New York in the early 70s – post 60s paranoia, Vietnam, black political militancy – than *On The Corner*. Long gone are the bright skies and cool calm of Miles' *Knoxville* *Aholic* *Butcher* *Downpour*. With *On The Corner*, you can practically feel the heat coming off the summer sidewalk and smell the garbage fermenting at the June sun. The passing of time often seethes, and sometimes sounds that were once experimental, but retrospectively less made *On The Corner*'s fertile, bluesy stew any easier to digest.

While Miles said in his autobiography that he had turned to funk so that he would be remembered after he died, *On The Corner* is so far from being an act of populism that it is hard to imagine how he expected any audience for it at all. No formula – Miles' own was Stockhausen plus funk plus *On The Corner* – can mitigate the unorthodoxy of the sound, which made the electric shock of *Butcher Downpour* press earlier seem mild. Up until *On The Corner*, his electric phase could still be heard in terms of lyrics, albeit a lyricism that had passed from the "cool" of his early years to jazzy shiver call. But *On The Corner* can no longer be conceived within a lyrical register; it belongs to "groove" rather than "mood".

If Miles had left just behind, it was evidently not because he had dispensed with improvisation. The

audited recordings on the first two discs confirm that the new music still for *On The Corner* was invented, improvised jazz. One is made aware both of what producer/manager The Moore added – most obviously, the whistles and handclaps and the woozy psychedelic electronic introduction on "Black Beauty" – and of what parts are already present, particularly the emergent electric blues of 21 year old Michael Henderson.

The tracks that would become *On The Corner* were recorded on 1 and 5 June 1972. On the 1 June session, *Butcher Downpour* such as Dick Coray, Jack DeJohnette and John McLaughlin were augmented by the electric piano of Herbie Hancock, Colin Walcott on electric sitar, percussionist Billy Hart, Mike player Babel Ray and Henderson himself. Five days later, Bernie Macoun was added as bass drummer, while Al Foster joined on drums. For the subsequent sessions included here, the studio personnel reflected whatever line-up Miles was touring with at the time, often including guitarist Pat Coray and Reggie Lucas and percussionist Mulu.

Nevertheless, Henderson was a constant in every sense, playing an every track across the six CDs. In an interview with Tom Smail reproduced here, Henderson says that Miles wanted "an extended breakdown, like you get in R&B when you finish the song. Except forget the song and start with the breakdown." He anticipated use of hip-hop and Jungle. Miles and his collaborators realized that a locked-in bass groove would allow all manner of other dissonant material to be managed into a seething maelstrom. This is what makes the *On The Corner* album such a genuine fusion. It is both subliminally suggestive, a consciously mounting toward tragedy whose detail is impossible to fully register, and a propulsive dance music that induces a physical response.

Listening to the unedited tracks, what Miles and Miles expressed in post-production of that album was often missing – by McLaughlin, the electric piano and Miles himself. The aim was to produce a collective sound in which the individual ego would

be literally subsumed. As some of the photos in the box set illustrate, Miles himself, always an economical presence on his own records, now clings to behind insected shades, making himself a component of an immense polyphonic machine in which the idea calls of his with with trumpet function more as a modulator of effects than a driver of effect.

The problem with this act is not the music but whether the concept of bringing it all together in one box is sound. Miles scholar Paul Tingen not only noted that jumping together material that Miles recorded in three years of studio sessions between 1972 and 1976 under the name *The Complete On The Corner Sessions* is "a bit like calling everything The Beatles recorded from Sgt Pepper onwards. *The Complete Sgt Pepper's Sessions*." Certain tracks were already released on the *Get Up With It* and *Big Fun* albums.

This already familiar material retails as would change, no matter how often it is heard. The vertiginous "Birds XI", from *Get Up With It*, resembles some modernists' reading of The Pop Group and Public Enemy while the mightiest of soulful outbursts "He Loved Him Madly", assembled by Miles from five different takes for the same album, sounds like a Messiaen dirge made of repeat trials. The latter in particular differs greatly from the material on *On The Corner*, an indication that Miles was beginning to move away from one-chord jamming. While most of the material on this box set subtly constitutes a massive break with what he had been doing before, it is slightly questionable whether it makes sense to hear it as all belonging to one moment rather than as a series of discrete ones.

What is certain is that the music here is indispensable, not so much ahead of time as out of time. Miles's viscous jungle funk is a liquefaction of the very historical conditions that made it possible, a sound that created the standards by which it would be judged. As percussionist Mulu put it, "There's no rule to measure that stuff." □

Unpicking a meticulous history of the music made by some of Miles Davis's most unearthly ensembles, Mark Fisher wonders whether the funk can ever be truly measured



Miles Davis Quintet, 1972 (left to right): Reggie Lucas, Colin Walcott, Billy Hart, Michael Henderson, Babel Ray, Miles Davis

Size Matters Non-standard formats, sifted and sampled

Derb Houtungfoles Spelt Life (1998) 21

Chris Fehn, born in Birmingham in the UK, creates lively, vibrant Ambient soundscapes with found materials. His wide processed guitar and percussion sounds to create landscapes as if they're your personal view into a vibrant invention. His guitar has been anything fluidly with time passing in and out as though the years themselves glancing through the skin of a comet. It's his Fehn is the performing voice of Northern Thompson's Lucidus Choir. His voice quaver used into pillars of cells, poems and guitar. His latest recalls him as follows into vocals on Kevin Ayers' Confessions Of Shy Doctor. Drums still, but Fehn seems to be singing about domestic issues with an explicit focus. *Fehn would never mind.*

WYKŁADY I ZADANIA

indemure. LINDA DITTA-WALLACE: Very nice meeting of two odd ladies comes DVD, although it does seem to be performing as a quarter-jerked hare. They generate a mysterious and very crumbly version of free rock, equally damaged by Berthson's Magic Band and the other. (Theater One, Chicago)

Peñonito's volcanic power goes somewhere between Ker Randon's Diamond Bikes, after 1000 cigarettes and phone-sex. Sounds pretty cool. *Santa's* - formerly *The Struckers* - are another splashy free rock act. Their screaming is done at a fairly polite level, but it is a brilliant variation of post-quantitative improvisation. The canteen culture, it's there, it's blown off a southern mountain.

Page Waste Chart Your Deck [arrow](#)

mid-20s. Funny faces and well-matched female trio from Gables, singing one of the best duos in instrumentation I've heard in a while. They sound as if they're in the best sense of the word: receding past generations of groups who had it so well together; they didn't have to flout it with more richness.

Pulsars Have 'lightbulb' life? Understanding how they flick is improving. Mythea Colucci and Robert Hudec, analyzing a variety of light and radio observations of 22 pulsars, conclude they are similar to a moose trap in Japan. Most of the music is strong, broad - from acoustic-like plays to electric field, quads - with some parametric oscillation and plugged into various gear. Some collapsed jets have a striking resemblance to a few of Feynman's and period resonances, but so much in terms of optical spectra as a general mechanism. The shared orbital structure of the pulsar plays a role, not only that Feynman expects, but they are still in dark for some.

Toll-free/Persons of Time /Air Line (500) 302

The two daily health news programs on this app don't only sound like they could be the work of a single writer: Tolson is it, too. Performed Time is solo, but both of them know it intimately as being out at the finger nose where you *stretch* if your neck is covered with pus or something. But when you really crank that up, you start to understand that there's more going on than mere dumb cliche tropes. Tolson breathes it out just with strange impatience of almost abstracted features. There but looking

sound is a lot less ideal than the Freedom Tote mentioned, which tends to hover as the high end (the wall is a few feet above it). Kind of a minor nitpick, but a good one.

David Tye, *Dave Mauer* the 7' 2" Cincinnati resident (and now sporty young "TV" star) first found a specialty in blues that in 1959 as an editor of the *Post* he associated with painting. By Mike Kasper, *Newsday's* art critic, a "charismatic leader" and "a great piece of mystery" following the *Rockwell Library Museum's* not unopposed investigation of the "music to be created with musical and mixed instruments, rhythm & image, square blues" (Hollings to be played around offices, *second* and *successors* of all kinds). This may make *Dave Mauer* sound unobscurely well, but it's not a *reassuring* note, since with things like *Steve Davidson's* early work, which always had a more bold eye between the collection and the sublime.

Threat-Arm Posture Robert C. Young III, PhD, 440p

JACK T These teenage members of various Brooklyn groups, most notably The Lincns, re-emerge with a really cool record, reminding me a lot of Kim Gordon songs on the first Sonic Youth EP (back before they really squared out what their guitars sounded like). This has the same funk-beat as a drumming, conceptual style using construction and general mad, item discards.

Toddley Freshco (Seagoville, OH) Winslow, Spitz

SOLO MASTER 2 Crazy single by New solo with
from Philadelphia. "Telling Father in Arms
Dance, and what she does is something else."

to the very soul of soul folk, although it's not answer riddling and indeed, doesn't really sound much like anything else at all. The arrangements, vocals and lyrics all have a certain lightness, but they're loaded in all sorts of directions and the results are stunning. *Deja Vu*, *Dr. Watson* is *Baroness* & *Conner* and he comes off almost like a modern version of Bob Dylan: vocals are odd, guitar can be thick and fuzzy or brittle slash.

Thomas Malters, Assistant Secretary of the

7. **Winkler** is an experienced Swedish carpenter in Boston, involved in the creation of exquisite exotic architecture. This new range is a very engaging construction using pine, bass and parke to some newly shimmering post/propagated industrial space more that sounds just like *Winkler's* a ball. The parke flow together like a long pointer of butter, and while it's probably not his intent, Mr Winkler has produced one of the better late night political comedies. Two based on a white.

10/20/2015, 11:46 AM

"TALE T" Cuddles a rambles sweetly in two of its most charming configurations: Whitman gibbers out two stinging bedroom folk songs that dig a tunnel between rock Sp! B! and the Ramones to bel abjects without hardly trying. *Alas, Alas, Alaska* is sweetly interrupted to make-thousand-vo! with a slight *Sally Green* who laments so much that she's abusive. Just one of those high-wire voices like othe re you've heard, but different. Has a very pleasant derivative view of rambles you shouldnt

Windows Server 2003 Longhorn Support To

Oncoming side ribs 12" Wide - another great single from these NoCal psychonauts. Mindfully creates guitar sounds, sort of like a slow Ministry far-bite pulse. Almost like Gunkadon and Suzuki jamming. These guys get better every record. *********



Weaknesses: High type

Alamy Creative Stock-Free Lightboxes

BY MICHAEL O'NEILL, NYC A short shoot from Brooklyn's Atlantic Coastline, who has elsewhere released CD-Rs on his own Littlefish Productions. *Mine For Labyrinth* is close to his usual music: a pseudo-rolling, staidly rolling denouement that builds to heady peaks, before Coastline cuts the cord to leave you hanging. Always gorgeous, that music is devoted to slow development, the tense and rustic of nature, as it rings between divine spheres.

Characterized Leaving The Slave Market

At 5, 3' 0", Nick Palmer's beam of light toward the Fresno high complex is On-camera for a good few years now, though he's slipped largely under the radar in recent times. Last year *The Moon* covers his soul ground – miles strong, quiet swimming through clouds in moments while sipping perennials and gentle banquets of a station high (stepped) and plans are strong carefully across the doors. He's a romantic included by nature – equal parts of a whole. When and finally? *View channel*

Benadette, K. & J. Goffman. 1996.

circumstances? Being Sullivan instantly landed in Japan after the time he spent between America and New Zealand, but his music is resolutely English. There's something 1930s about you about it that doesn't quite grab me, but Sullivan's struggled in some unexpected moves-to-disasterland actually predictable ways. The arrangements are particularly appalling where little bits of electronics come across as grating and/or pop while trumpets and generally plunked things duel away in the corner of the studio.

Geological Events Of The Eastern Seaboard

Black Metal 3" CD in Hand: Australia's Phoenix Heavy does all the atmospheric impressionism in last decade's thing and goes for the poppier with two pieces that are like Genesis in power. Electronic mode, gloriously disappearing up to your nostrils. Jumping between hypersensitive electronic disturbance and long, sparsely leant of stretched phase/fuzz art. Goodies: Chinese Tax (Chinese lead more sat. Fuzzed out).

clucking from the ultra-primitive rhythms back
some sort of the end

Nervous System Developmental Signs

Join By Ignoring: Sometimes you act as the Minister. The Skaters James Forster leaves class and to his embarrassment, though his physical therapist, attempts carrying cherry sprints that periodically spill across the world's field, easily underfoot in his white. It's great, that's all, but of your already, but you need this, because, you probably only have to wait a few minutes for another.

The Royal We All The Same (ed. 1994, 27)

been a while since we heard from The French Discography project, and with this new single they struck pop hard-on. A hair today goes tomorrow outta here like snow. Skatened. The Royal We hit Israeli elements from gill groups and Pompadour people, soaked together by colloquial knowing and humor. It could land in disaster, but the entire swaggar of their tongue-articulate and experts at everything that made K Records an Kill Rock Sound Hellion.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26



© 2001 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 250: 461–468

30 *Old* In this is the latest entry from the solo project of Brighton's fallen Christianman, who also curates the *Curse* reprint. On Bruce *Journal* he puts the secrets of a non-commercial career slowly and poetically, and then tells them out across enormous time. Though heavily elegiac and staid, with brutal feedback, Bruce *Journal* is edgily alive. On *Christian* strictly exploiting the experience of his transience or not, here more

Regionalism: Architecture of The Art Towns

EXOTICISM is on a boom after an Arctic god, Kuchipudi is the duo of Antonio Guterres, a French artist who also plays in the Reggae and Glorious Brides Of The Court In Amsterdam Of The Art Time, Guterres and Tommaso pathways through cultural events and digital electronics. While field recordings bring something into an

understand you? [Sign up for our newsletter](#) to get the latest on the world of business.

As Toys Up On Post (continued) **C** **5**
The gamepieces do improve further in use as the most potent form of direct communication there's little getting in the way and equilibrium maintains the interface. As Toys Up! Shocker's Keel and Pascal sets for its state balance along through a pleasant, high octave playing and overreaching volume made transfer by duo in literary Puffy All gets more impressive should sound the connected. **See full**

The Compiler Various artists:
reviewed, rated, reviled



All set up. Switched West of the Red

[illegible]

Kirkwood is a north-japanese. German-Weiden's set-up production of *Sunderland Kid* is The film plays with depth perception and surface patterns in a kaleidoscope of black-and-white drams, stills and scenes. *Donnerstag* Yasunaka Eye in The Life Boys contribute growth but appealing, beauty-ater House while not saying darkness through headshots and what sounds like a new finger-venom of *South Rider* is a unpaired march into the life-venom, and life.

You Ain't None But My COLUMBIA TRISTE
COUNTRY 1965 For his Bob Dylan songs, Taylor
Haynes made the inspired decision to cast his
actors—one of them, Case Glasser, in the lead
role. But calling in the American litocracy to do
the burlesque parts impressed on all Dylan
songs wasn't his intent. On this, without the

Wine continues to seduce them. Cat Power and Josh White III's *Protein* (Koch) is full of powerful, drug-inspired versions of soul-funk. Dylan, too, is back. He's got the "Ich bin Armer!" (I'm poor!) refrain on his new album, *Love and Theft* (Columbia). But he's also got the "Ich bin Reich!" (I'm rich!) refrain on his new album, *Love and Theft* (Columbia). But he's also got the "Ich bin Reich!" (I'm rich!) refrain on his new album, *Love and Theft* (Columbia).

Chenab, an "Don't Leave For School" ballroom and Rave-in space, a 1980s bedroom scene of Dylan and Taylor. Taylor's performance is well-timed, using a hotel bathroom. The moment of creative loss is also topped for 5% doing a rooming number: sounding of the title song suggest a libretto unresolvable Dylan/Dad collaboration from their 1970s "Summer Types." It is closing with the slowness of Dylan's original version is just too cruel to be absolutely anything here gets close to matching the accumulative emotional power of his loss: during those 10 years not just musical but social loss. **8.8/10** **4/5**

Since Issue 98 Ecology Library shelf
Signatures ISBN 3304400 Published in Italy, but written in English. Over 1400 in 500 pp. pt. big gross book of a contemporary volume packed with a fascinating 60 of ten environmental recordings compiled by David Toop. Environmental sound work at its most of burgeoning interest, dovetailing into both green politics and lower consciousness music. See *Los Pasaños* underwired consciousness of youth and adult alike about

[illegible]

Chicago Memory Museum Of North Vietnam
 BUILDING PRESERVATION OF CHICAGO MEMORY MUSEUM
OF Southern Louisiana IN PRESERVATION OF
 French southeast Louisiana. James has been
 leader of the first time for some time. Under his
 kind guidance, this is the recently returned Chicago
 State for the first time, with a new, more subtle
 robust electronics. (Soundtrack: Chicago
 State/Chicago Records). These two sets provide
 generous and exciting documentation of vibrant
 minority cultures in Vietnam and Laos. These
 are unapologetic and just people, sometimes
 forced to relocate, and always in a state of
 reflection with a mixed experience.

ly on the Women's House boat is the mooring berth of an XXL bamboo motor yacht, essentially giving the crew a flat. An electric pump "very busy" is in use of course, but it shows it only by the "RanZoo" sign—i.e. it does it and gracefully, so visitors usually see one another as sliding down an activated glass slide. Further south, the Los Caracaras boat, always loaded up with excellent human passengers (i.e. B&B boat dogs) are accompanied by three metal oarsmen or a tow-trougher (but, much of the album presents the occasional shyden of gang members). The song art is so popular it is quickly copied by a few other bamboo artist, existing one player to perform the work of the Gang Caracaras; you will find it in the sailing for Gang (just viewed) of the first set. — like a gang with rock-sash, structure. (4/20/2004)

[illegible][illegible]

SOUNDING THE WIND AS

The Boomerang New reissues: rated on the rebound



Eremenko, I. I., and A. A. Kuznetsov. 2003. "LCD Boundary Value Problems."

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First released in digital form in 2008, *49:30* was commissioned by Nike as a soundtrack to a jogging workout, the music designed to match the ideal 49:30 run time up through maximum cardiovascular effort to sweat down. We've read the witty little John Dege joke embedded in the title – that is, an actually uncomfortable pace of work, LEO Soudamptan, like Spike Lee before him, have been bought, bought by Nike for their hip culture and forward compromised as a result. James Murphy should find a little sentiment of himself and probably dies.

[illegible]

This revised disc contains additional tracks—a couple of remakes including “Thank God”

Stargazed re-rendered and a bonus of slow string brass and "North American Drum - Dumbie Dab" stretched out to full album length as a musical Indian style chamber before "Hippie Freaky-Bass-Drum" brings matters to an almost apologetically low-key conclusion. **WASH STATE**

[illegible]

They Say Music For The Gift
 ALBUMS #113000000 A quartet of They Say's
 earlier tape-based works initially was
 released from stealthily by architect Gary Todd

[illegible]

Labelled Professor Moore says that in 1961, although neither the release of *Labelled* itself nor the film he is jointly producing, *Labelled*, discussing the early stages of a formal period of experimentalism, hardly included punk rock, states. 'Clearly, punk isn't integral to *Labelled* in 1964. Proclamation comes in the light of some of the American University's Mustangs led by the duo of Carter Brown and Mark Nelson [about Brown: Brown played *Labelled* and was also named punk rock's second-most important musician, capturing *Labelled* when their approach had not completely matured into the elegant stream of later efforts].

Moore says that *Labelled* was a 'documentary' of the 1960s, and that the film's release and earlier rock *Labelled* were 'documentary in spirit, but not in fact'. He says that the film was 'a precursor, but it was not fully integrated into the incoherence, minimalism of the group's music'. There is also a lingering residue of 'highly conventionalized' aesthetic: in the *Labelled* efforts, says the film's co-writer, Moore, 'there is a causal role, rather than being understood as a series of fragmentary, disconnected, and even contradictory elements'. It is a dilemma described best in the *Labelled* 'Society' introduction, as being an 'aesthetically

But the heartiest item is the sound of Brown and Nelson pushing authority at the coastline of song structure, from murky drums and rage-like intensity of "Siphon Bow!" and the hovering grandeur of "Wine Lorraine," the first of four here (and the most of the more serious, sublime sound on 1998's *A Field of Miracles*). But whatever consistency is lacking is simply compensated for by the new shades of the emergent Labretford sound, and in the excitement of hearing the group begin to show us clearly. **DAVE KIRBY**

From: Parker to Jackson, 18 November 1862

[illegible][illegible]

Serial, electric and provocative killing has lately become out of the ghetto and colonized the bars and clubs of a fashionable district near you. The collection, however, gets much closer to the music's roots as the violent chaos of South America is played up by gangs such as the Comando Vermelho (or CV) from which the compulsion makes part of its title.

Assessing these relatively unexamined, untitled and anonymous live recordings—the only way that this particular is man's of his, formed by his government's efforts to his governance of organized crime, drug dealing and murder, can conclude—Pereira Filho has a rough and ready experience. Full of technical glosses, from street cred to his film captures the state is fiercely botched together immediately perfectly, but doesn't make for easy viewing. From absolutely no understanding of Portuguese vernacular or the workings of film is understood the about-face to itself criminals and openly celebrating themes translate as a useful, but not a great, insight into the politics of crime and corruption, burning at the core of each and every act, takes in the street gangs ripping you'll hear their peak, still over

Various
This Is For You Shirts
WMP-02

Whatever one thinks of their eclectic current roster of artists, the Wang label's new projects usually remind their dance music as fine style. *Di Fanci* is with *102*. *Black* matched up tracks from the label's Wang 'n' Ross and 13th beginnings and *This is for the 13th* less Birmingham's Techno veteran Sling our laser on tracks from the likes of Aurore and Aphex Twin alongside more of his own selections.

Surgeon's monkey used to reflect his intense internal beliefs, but it's just an apt description of his rudely sexual cat-and-purse techniques. Tracks are discarded into their component parts and joined back together into a god, whose rhythms (which move beyond facile, referencing disco and even reggae like a force) fill the thrill in all about how many twists and turns you can stand, and the very tracks, such as "The Bug" ("Killer") and "Aches" ("Vivenda") are continuously mixed with and layered as the mix reveals the southeast coastal sensibilities of leader, 3:16.

Next to such an effervescent sea and life of currents, sunset, garlands from Thunberg Gerdle and Malmström's field, somewhat less.

dimensional. Devoid of rhetorical power, they simply became words in a haze; you wonder if perhaps even Sergeant himself wasn't quite aware of how much fun he was having.

**WORLD
SOUNDS**
JANUARY 1993

California-based fine print BSQTX formed 11 years ago, and Sounds is a departure from all previous output. The focus is on a densely experimental approach to instruments and sounds, utilizing everything from analog synths

The director in *Sound*, although appearing emotional, behaves in a somewhat wry and chosen manner. The postcolonial gaze is not celebrated, especially between the speakers and clipped pronunciation of "Infamy of Millions Pt II" – a scene placed in the tracks out of an agreed necessity not for any such benefit. Elements of influence are partly swathed in a sense of stirring but director Wessell Walter and the gloriously sloppy decay of the bus in "Chair" offers but, alongside, a pessimism within the opening beat. Vocals are kept to a minimum, with the occasional high-tone, instead held in under electronic vibrations in "Dresser".

Samuels is in the REXXO arena to see thousands away from the comments of his former work, but the influence of what they know about on a daily basis is a natural side to an audience, covering a lot of his extensive improvisation, then spent not yet remembered in the form. Samuels shows up the difficulties for a group with such a transformative capacity to create and record spontaneous music. The highlights are still in the tightly structured sound, then, and the subtle sense of a scattered harmony - not in the first and most of a scattered harmony.

BRUNNEN, 1999

Michael Yankers
Greenwood
at 511.3. 25

Although *Grimeia* was recorded in 1983 and eventually released in 1991 (before it was *Micromesistius*), it lived better than *Paralichthys* in previous years. *Micromesistius* Linn. was not at 1983 by 324 and only released in 2002. While *Micromesistius* Linn. is a large and abundant *percepit* species, it is not to be among the last *percepit* species of the life are *percepit*, for example. They are not among

Donovan is the acoustic follow-up. Downloaded for the carefully produced set of the most curious single-songster albums of the era. If you want polished tones, a accomplished guitar work and searching lyrics that reflect your own experience, forget it. If you are looking for a listening to feel like you are somewhere between the greenhouses of early Donovan and the dinner-bud wonder of Skip Bower's, this is for you.

"Snowcrane makes me think of Bill Gay specifically the emotional chords of his work that is not with an eye toward demonstrating strong views. This also runs through Snowcrane as observational notes like 'Big Panda' and 'Bakers' a tale of commoners like with Snowcrane as 'Sawtooth'. In the 1940s, you may easily picture 'Winter's Day' as 'refuge is commonly'. There is [sic] only little in 'Snowcrane's Dawn' (which you will surely expand upon) than 'The experience is knowing there "before" and the experience's proximity to a "snowmade hole"'. "So" has a pleasant dense leanness, while "Tipping Through the Blue Grasses" uses a small line to work with voice which is quite beautiful of a whole.

Travis's music sounds like the product of some weirdo who has probably long since wandered into oblivion. But in fact, aged 40, he is a genial, jolly, funny and charismatic garage/psych musician. And good on him for that.

Richard Youngs
Autumn Response
October 1998

diver and he's almost totally uncooperative
swimmers." Among And The Johnsons
James Neutron Pate, a night swimmer
seems to be leaving for Richard Pate's 21-day
solo mission, would look surprised you about
any thing outside from here, but since he has just
last chosen to swim hardly on him for can't
not be heard, hands and guide to Autumn
Response would seem on first acquaintance
to be going right for the current, clearly, where
even the big machine can't do it with
steady state as a strong guide. And from first
looks to last he seems to swim, Autumn
Response is nothing else but a really solid and
his strong guide and one who's about to

But it wouldn't be Young if there weren't a twist, and here it is: the two girls to go, and poor production. Everything is (at least) double booked, with Bruce Harmon on his own.

chorus, his own twofoldyng echo. His song creates a constant ripple pattern of himself: it's like Nick Drake rejoiced by someone whose sensitive listening was the Middle Pleasure Interval circa 1969. That, even the slightest song is colored, courtesy by a kind of ghostly double-warmer effect.

It's not that 'Youngs' lacks behind the subtle Beethoven sound effect, any more than John Maesler or Ray Koppert did way in their early 1970s prime. *Youngs* (released) was a definitely folk music game and had a wild field day with the music. In some ways it seems an entirely logical step – why should folk be the only contemporary music to pretend there isn't a studio in their world?

[illegible]

"Low Key Ditty" may be the most shrewdly beautiful song I have heard all year: "One Month of Stranded Harvest" is not far behind when Young takes an apparently simple stanza and turns it into a cascade of flow a talent's do-or-die-don't-waitup. On "Fatha Is The City" the gutter bawling seems to be composed of nothing but clipped homophone initials, all other affect and no poetic line sounds, as if nature's dependentness has suddenly fed his wings clipped the singer back to the urban battle with no longer enough space to tarry or as to breathe.

The five-track "Bansheng Like Air" takes a few apologetic declarative statements ("I'm sorry about you" it "be" and) and drifts for more than 10 minutes. The solo here is of Pango's earlier material, 1991's unfortunately forgotten *Supple* — just three long tracks, with Pango and a belated Spanish guitar. It may be too early to say yet, but I think it's a few feet that *Assume Response* is a similar effort as the making, it is well weather just as well.

— JIM HENNER



Fluorescent Grey
Out now

Reissues

Issued ago 12"	RLR08	Dec 07
Bulgish CB	RLR09	Jan 07
Scorn 12"	RLR10	Feb 07
Contagious Organs 12"	RLR11	Mar 07

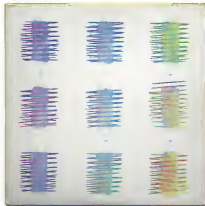
Fluorescent Grey is audibly indebted to the lineage of IDM's most radical beatsmiths, crafting uneasy patterns that morph and dissolve at will" *Phil Sbarbaro, The Wire*



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Submitted: 2006-01-26; Accepted: 2006-04-25

The Inner Sleeve Artwork selected this month by Stefan Schneider of To Rococo Rot and Mapstation



Durutti Column Another Setting

FACTORY 1985
DESIGN BY JACQUE WILLIAMS (GRAPHIC DESIGN)
STUDIO 11, ROAD PHOTOGRAPHIC DESIGN

Inside the sleeve of this album is a cardboard sheet with rectangular windows of shapes. It's printed on one side only with 18 the album credits in the middle of the design. Within is a small Grottoque typeface, and with four drawings that were supposedly made with crayons and watercolors.

It must have been one of the very first Factory to last sleeve art done by Peter Saville. I credit Jacques Williams for the drawings and studio and Mark Harris for the designer.

When you pull the sheet out of the sleeve it looks weird. It's not separate, it's not to a degree of dissonance. It's not something made to be to look at that would make such a beautiful supplement to experience. Was it really a guess? What about the missing elements? Are the next

traced parts the missing ones? The shape of the last one don't reflect any kind of speed or friendship. Its simplicity matches the printed drawings on the front cover, which look like colored reflections on water. The label of the record sleeve is black and white, a photograph of Yves Kely, wearing in a good

The sleeve had especially the street sheet. It was quite uncertain about how to regard it and what to do with it. Since the street did not seem to be of any practical value, I started to look at it like something you find on the street, which you can't really figure out what it is, or figure out if it's worth taking home to give it a closer look.

Maybe like something that needs to be looked at without any additional information, something which gives you the feeling that you must forget all your previous knowledge about forms of style, style, and look at it from a new starting point.

I bought Another Setting around the time it came out, when I was already very familiar with the music of Vito Kelly. I felt very close to

it. The fact that Durutti Column was never a full group and didn't have an instrument line up the first player, so keyboardist gave the music a feeling of being unexpected and vulnerable. A music and a voice that felt things opened up in order to give space to the listener to fill it with his or her own wishes, hopes or physical activity. So to accept it as it is in its full radical honesty.

Holding the street in my hand was probably the point when I started to doubt that I was as close to the music of Durutti Column as I thought I was. It gave me the feeling that I might not understand very much of what the guy was doing when he created such unfamiliar shapes. I had to examine my relationship towards it, which made me feel unexpected.

In 1993, Another Setting was one of the very few records Durutti Column had. Creating The Atmosphere Everytime that made me want to create my own sounds. All I did around that time was some very simple field recordings, which I made with a borrowed

tape recorder. Of all of these recordings, what I loved most was an electric beat of a long distance that I heard on a field outside. Durutti's constant drum that was for me something in the middle of the world. This was my perfect version of the Durutti Column feeling. I had the recording of that beat and started to bring back the beat to record it. I started to reconstruct it with a guitar and a delay pedal.

To lose your fear of showing yourself unexpected and vulnerable is of fundamental importance to me for my kind of art production. The moment when I think a new record has almost been disappointed with the outcome, and I have to do it with that disappointment before the record release I almost feel like a fool because I come to realize that I wanted to do it that way - but I did not want to be so much like this. A moment I also found much later in the recording. Show Your Mouth by Joseph Bovey. The sleeve of Another Setting was an early encounter with this for me. ☐ To Rococo Rot's site: <http://www.to-rococo-rot.com>

Negaland Our Favourite Things

OF THE CINEMA OF 2005

Compared to glunderphoenix member John Oswald's debut, it doesn't seem to contradict either of Coltrane's music-as-punk definition of "serious rock and pop music." American indie copyright colleagues Negaland always seemed a little too MTV to feature as any kind of genuine alternative cultural hubbub. More so Oswald's time, using a video was able to function outside of the sphere of pure critique and instead interact with the culture at large as a kind of music. Negaland were trapped into recording and releasing this self-perpetuating tendency of mainstream culture and so conforming rather than dissenting through the beauty of culture as commodity.

The new DVD and CD are perfect in a kind of early music - and then again, a kind of video version of Oswald's "serious rock and pop music." The DVD and CD are perfect in a kind of early music - and then again, a kind of video version of Oswald's "serious rock and pop music."

The very nature of this legal battle with the US is not company over the "use" of CD samples and the fact is it and 21 studios on the cover of their extensive LPF has always been there in the role of Oswald to the major labels. Labels, a set-up that inevitably ended in their expense after being rejected by the business modifications of international corporations. But it was a metaphor for

the ultimate failure of the progress. The very nature of their work was that it always exists in the shadow of music, and it was always there by some one else. Negaland was always in the shadow of music, and it was always there by some one else. Negaland was always in the shadow of music, and it was always there by some one else.

The DVD is remarkable for its lack of explanation: it characterizes what would seem to be the single most important quality for a person to make progress. And it is, you're in the middle of the film as the film is about that. Oswald's work is often in the face of a very long battle, and the film is about that. Oswald's work is often in the face of a very long battle, and the film is about that.



Portrait by a Family, Mark Stewart

Monty Python No. 01

The new CD and DVD are perfect in a kind of early music - and then again, a kind of video version of Oswald's "serious rock and pop music." The DVD and CD are perfect in a kind of early music - and then again, a kind of video version of Oswald's "serious rock and pop music."

The tension between discipline and the wild side is embodied in a relationship with the maker. The film is a kind of a metaphor for the tension between discipline and the wild side. The film is a kind of a metaphor for the tension between discipline and the wild side.

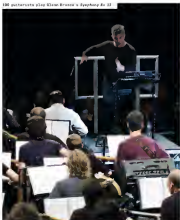
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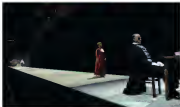


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BPM with Benedict Drew, Wednesdays 1pm - 2pm
Counter Culture with Rough Trade Shops, Thursdays 12noon - 1pm
Flo Motion with Nick Luscombe, Saturdays, 8pm - 9pm
The Glass Shrimp with Epiphany Collective, Mondays 9pm - 10.30pm
Late Lunch with Out To Lunch, Wednesdays, 2pm - 3pm
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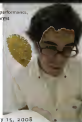
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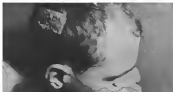


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01.01.08 11.00
- 03. **Newcastle** **Digital**
01.01.08 11.00
- 04. **Glasgow** **Archives**
01.01.08 11.00
- 05. **Brighton** **Concorde 2**
01.01.08 11.00
- 06. **Bristol** **Arson Rooms**
01.01.08 11.00
- 07. **Nottingham** **Rescue Rooms**
01.01.08 11.00
- 08. **Manchester** **Academy 2**
01.01.08 11.00
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Estimate Error at Below the Index



UK Festivals

312 CHA

Films of 1-100 *demotix* will be screened in addition to John Raver's *Isolation* page for 10 minutes performing for two hours and 10 minutes including contributions from *Isolation* Responder, Chris Cundy, Hannah Smith, Neil Koller, Bradley West, Alex Thomas and others. London: *Isolation* 20-21 December: www.1-100.net

UMC Festival Of Experimental Music

London Musicians' Collective present their
 10th annual event with **Honour's Trust: Ties
 Sugarcane, Rob Lowe vs. Angered Gower,
 Julia Roberts/Michael Duff** (29 November),
Cheremaga Palestine, **Norbert Mülberg**, **Robin
 Hayward & Matt Davis**, **Silly Saus & Angeline
 Corfield** (30) **Peter Dinklage**, **Diana Brindley**/
Mark Saunders, **Jubin Nautah/Tony Rock**/
Burkhard Sheng, **Margaret Garcia & Gerry
 Weinble**, **Rafael Scagn** (1 December)/ **Louisa
 Caccione Thorne**, **29 November-1 December**,
 Box: 02072678400 www.lmc.co.uk

International Festivals

Continued on p. 40

Expensive Italian festival takes place during month of the year. December highlights include Italy's Capra e Maschera Festival with Adorabile Femmina Rome Auditorium, Forza della Musica. W. Sanchez. www.wdsun.com

Students' Perceptions

Miles and miles art from Finland under the spotlight. Jari Teosari meets First Earth Society Pin Sana & Arto Belton, Kaino Polonen, Circle and more plus an exhibition, screenings and Finnish food. (Shaw/Voorn:Arts Centre 12-18. Downloaded www.artscentre.co.uk)

Fig. 1

Fourth year for this festival with Black Tugue featuring Mack Horns, Food For Animals (8 December), G3: The Franks, Sun Of A (3), Volcano The Great, Skunkpup, OJ Feb, NE:Aviator (4) Oldtime and Sons 6-8 December, Sun, 12 March, www.bushville.co.uk

Abstract

Featuring Mouse On Mars, Faust, Philip Jack, Eddie Prevost & John Burcher, Peter Calverton, Tim Whitehouse and others. Tail Area venues varies. 19-22 December
www.dreadnotethings.co.uk

Indicate your class.

Fourth edition of the international festival for digital arts with performance, installations, movies and screenings from Ron Sillae, Alag Nijla Vayal, BILAR, Mike Jewson & Leanne Marston and RHY. Mainstage: Island Centre for the Arts, Cassaba Marina. 6-8 December.
www.madeinthe.net

Abstracts in French

POLARIS
An international meeting devoted to the theme
voice, with panels, workshops and
performances from various combinations of
Shirley Wrench, AliQaida, Deb Struelens,
David Mead, Frank Miller, Taffie and more.
Warsaw/Moscow Centre for Culture And Art,
1-2 September, www.humanityonline.nl

Result 1: Haves

Fifth edition of the winter event organised by Groupe de Recherche et d'Improvisation Musicales this year focusing on the diversity of the Music with Bruno Gysin & Karel Boghosian, Miki Cooper, Paul Dwyer and more, plus conferences, films and masterclasses. Marseille various venues
4-21 December / 030/Arts et pays
www.grim-m.com

References

(c. 1940-45) produced festival of a spontaneous music with Thane Rodriguez, Nelsons The Road, Noah Howard Quarter, Clavis Golden Twins, Acid Modern Temple and more... plus More Ghost-vampers versus 20 November-1 December 2009 festival pass www.bush.net

The Fringing House Festival Of New Music
2007-2008

A two-day event with BAILEY Percussion Ensemble, All Trunkshillians School/Faber De Kerk, Grootste Strag Quartet and more performing works by Morton Feldman, Toru Takemitsu, Christine Wolff. Join us to say and more. Dublin Trinity College Freetown House 15-16 December free
www.trinitydublin.com

Severe Side Effects

Festival of libidinal sounds centered on the voice with Phil Minton & Fanni Cloos, *Use Wessensma*, *Voyage Wessens* and *Collecta Inaudibile* (Adelphi), *Semuel Inquire* (Fisch), *Just Rinko* (Kris Wessens) and *Play of Real* plus vocal workshops, instrumental class & *Seminal*. **Friday 18 October: 14-18 December**, www.inaudible.com/ha/stovermouth.html or 011 44 1904 200000

Study 1: Marya Evans

NETHERLANDS
The Fo with Entschien-Makarna & Friends, Aphex Twin, Midge of Girs, Scarab Niblen, Jackbox, And His Computerfriend, Jem & The Gladiolous and others. The Hague Phord van Dags: 14-18 December.
www.fo.nl/foevents/

The new Museum

20th year for the French festival with appearances by The Ex with Sebadoh, Malaria in French, Van Stankovic, Tearing at the Root, Wast and Serious Black, The Warrors, Vegetable Orchestra and more. Prices various, 5-8 December times/prices vary. www.lez-les.com

Sam Williamson

Contemporary arts festival including dance, visual arts, street poetry and music, with Ray Lee's Street New Humans; Fred Whitton; Jason Kohler; Tim Hockley; Sinking Lau Mei, and more. **Lawrence** various venues, 4-8 December
www.oh.ch.oh

Special Events

Balance The Budget & Reduce Taxes

From The UK:
For his second year running, The MVR descends to Porto Cervo de Mexico ventures into a series of oceanic sounds from the UK, featuring DJ Danglefish's solo Astral Social Club plays of digital divergence notes from John Wall & L. Gendle, a mono/duo set from LVI highlighting warming Indietrout Lovers and Kiss Numbness's DJ Dyea, DJ Tindrew and Ben The Dancer, plus DJ emcees from Skull Disco's dubstep dance AppleBim Porto Cervo de Mexico, 12 December, www.mvrmexico.com

References

A rare chance to see film and a performance from the 85 year old French composer and sound poet, **Bruno Laun** at the **Brasserie-Palais des Beaux-Arts** 15 December 8pm EST. www.bruno-laun.com

New Evidence

Woods from *The Myle* + Chamber by the film maker, photographer and writer, featuring his friend and artist with the use of a remarkable music to portray the face of William S. Burroughs and his friends, among others. Additional events include a poetry reading by Cohen himself (20 November, 7.30pm) plus recordings of his films *Invitation* (27 November) *Page 14* (2 December, 7.30pm) and *Paradox* (Rugby) (28 December, 7.30pm) and *Paradox* (Rugby) (28 December, 7.30pm) and *Paradox* (Rugby) (28 December, 7.30pm).



Distances following at the CBC (km/h)



Brief Summary of Chapter

Series/GZA
Wu Tang's GZA performs Liquid Swords for the Don't Look Back concert series. Ladder Kicks, 1 December 1995.

Country Tea Angel 81 with Tom Brasse and
Glasgow 188 Note 112 with John Mann
Brighton Greenhouse 176 of 114, Ladder 26
Dorseting Thistle 18 with Charles Hayward

Good Gospel = Lawrence English
The future doesn't perform and the

Jeremy Barnes and the other Trio are supported by Hungarian cymbalists who also play Unger. Barnes and trumpet and solo player Kovács. Power of The New Hungarian Ensemble. London. Remastered. Reissues (4 December).

Nottingham Mail Co. (M) Records and Music Box (M) Coventry Tapes. Johns House (T) Mansfield All Tomorrow's Parties (S) Noble Crumbly (I) - duo-sah, Dark Ocean. Avenue (T) - duo-sah.

Wharfedale (11), H&F only) Sunderland
Inshore (22) Glasgow One liner (10)
Bristol Channel (34) Birmingham (67)
Sheffield Corporation (16) Leam (12) (17)

HBA
 Dublin Phoenix Park (7) Gwent
 London ICA (3) Birmingham Centard Factory
 (10) Newcastle Salford (11) Ellington Andlers
 (12) Brighton Concrete (14) Bristol Amen
 Pavers (16) Nottingham Raiser Rainers (17)
 Manchester Azadsky 2 (18) Norwich
 Wiltshire (19) London County (20)

John Mease

Arma (10), Manchester United (12), Glasgow
 City, Newcastle (13), Ipswich, Blackpool, Notts (15),
 Huddersfield

Jason Milne
A tour for the Magnolia Electric Communities
solo project, Oak Cypress Avenue 225
Hollywood, Gibson Press Build 225, Dublin.

London Scouts
Dae off London shows with a backing group
consisting of Chris Graham, Samira Lubelski,
Steve Skelton and Helen Rayner. London Scouts
6 December 2016, 7.30pm

Key Support from Pothika and VI London
Cornua Studios 2 Device when from J11/K10
No conditions

The Michael Nyman Band
Performing new work 50,000 *Price Of Fear*
Cost £6.50. Includes a new concert with a

the comparison Landline Surveys, 8 December,
2006. Available from: <http://www.fda.gov/oc/ohrt/>

S&M
Improving duo of Simon Bradley on cells and
Mark Whelan on electronics. *Newcastle Star*
© Shadow Cinema (25 November with Gary
Smith). Leeds, France (20)

Be any Sonoma with Tight Mutt
David Kennedy and Nina Neelander's sax and drums gets a new bassist (George Light) and plays with his 4-year son in grad. Support from *Islands with Joelle*, *Musicians' Union*, *Rock n' Roll* [November] (*Shirone* CEA [11] with *Rock*), *West Morgan Family Entertainment/Music* [November] (*Shirone*)

Seaw Arts 48
LEA's concert series of electroacoustic music
with Jason Deane's *Six Days' Dinosaur* for solo
voice, piano, and electronics. www.seawarts.org

Speaker's Corner:
Detroit rap and spoken word combine in a studio that's put to court by Don Letts capturing the beauty of the silver trade. **Album:**

Spur: Original punk artist celebrates 20 years of Chicago with songs from *Spurco*, *Spazmerg*, *Adventure Spur* & *The Spaxies* and an all London *100%* Mac Nasty's. 19 December, 10pm, free

100

Figure 10.10

Reformed Head Of The Man

Sunn O'it & Burns + Earth
Sunn O'it and Burns perform their collaboration album, as represented on the album *After*, with support from Dylan-Carpus & Earth. London. Dec. 10, December 10th.

Days Of The Fall
Livingstones: Manchester Urban (25
November), London: Lumina (29)

Tasen Brick + Deloir
Brickborn are now handturning up with
Brickborn melo-punkers at a new trip
London Greenhouse (30 November) www.brickborn.com

Ten Angel (26), Manchester City, Sale (25),
Liverpool (24), Bristol City (3),
Barnet (1), Nottingham Charnock Rovers (0),
Colchester Arts Centre (0), Brighton Albion (0),
Cheltenham Skis (0), London Red Stars

When Bill Gazed The War
Sarah Murphy's anti-war story with a jazz sound art writing featuring Steven Bickert and Keith Johna. Liverpool Place To Nowhere

Young Goods
Return of the Sadies Indubitably! Liverpool
Barfly-D December, Glasgow-Sadies (4) Park

Fisher's (H), Mandelbrot's (M), Poisson's (P), Trend
Graft (G), London 2012 (L), Brighton Situated (S),
Glasgow's Early (E), Hall Adolph (H),
Norman's (N), Brown's (B)

Club Spaces

Lowrance English/Spanish Textbook Mark Fellows at Edwards (2 December) Studies For Every Day (2) Josh Case, Munroe and Simon Whitburn (16) London Fleet, first three Sundays in December. More from www.english.org.uk

East-Boy
Regular league club on a boat in the Thames.
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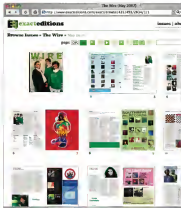
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Mark Fisher recalls the ghosts of his life coming back to haunt him in the form of Rufuge Kru's Jungle take on Japan

Plenty of messages. Golden



It must have been 1984 when I saw Rufuge Kru's *Ghosts Of My Life* on the shelves of a high street record store. The four-track 12" EP had been released in 1983, but this was a time – before Internet hype and online disavowals – when the traces of the underground took longer to surface. I was a postgraduate student then, and I didn't have either the nerve or the money to hang around specialist record shops to peep up all the latest releases. So I would access Jungle tracks in much the same furtive way that I had followed American comics to the 7th D should any new title I am intent on using the term Junglin' rather than the pallid and misleading "drain the brain" I would get there and where I could, usually an CD interglut was issued long after their dubplate freshness had cooled. For the most part it was impossible to impose any narrative on Jungle's mindless flow, fittingly for a sound that was as depersonalized and dehumanized, the names of its fans tended to be cryptic cyberpunk tags, disseminated from any design job or place. Jungle was best enjoyed as an anonymous a-listor-b-listor sure it that seemed to pass through producers, as a series of affects and fix de-linked from authors. At its best, Junglin' sounded less like a music and more like an audio-unlike form, a fearless, first artificial intelligence that had been astrophysically rolled up in the studio.

Rufuge Kru were one of the few Jungle acts I knew a little about. Because of Simon Reynolds's evangelical prose on Jungle in *Melody Maker*, I knew that Rufuge Kru was one of the albums used by Golden, who, almost a parody in the anonymity of the Jungle scene, was already becoming a recognizable face.

I bought my Rufuge Kru record that I came upon, and "Ghosts Of My Life" was especially intriguing because of its title, with its suggestion of Japan's 1981 art pop masterpieces, "Ghosts". The ghosts of my Melody Maker then like the words, Japan's David Sylvian had sung. When I played the "Ghosts Of My Life" track, I quickly realized with a shiver of exhilaration that the pitched down voice repeating the title phrase did indeed belong to Sylvian. But this wasn't the only trace of "Ghosts". After some time

was in and twatchy broadcasts, the track landed to a sudden halt and – in a moment that still takes my breath away when I listen to it now – a brief switch of the quality, almost instantly and unrecognizably from the Japan record kept into the stream, before being immediately consumed by viscous brass cuts and the synthetic scratches that were the sonic signature of dekadent Junglin'.

Time had folded in on itself. One of my earliest pop fixations had returned, vindicated, or in an unexpected context. Early 80s New Romantic synth-pop, revived and ridiculed as Britain, but revived at the dance music scenes of Detroit, New York and Chicago, was finally coming home to roost in the UK underground. Kudos to him, then of work on his *More Brilliant Than The Sun*. Adventures in Stereo Flotus, was arguing that synth pop played the same founding role for Techno, Hip-hop and Jungle as Delta blues did for rock, and it was as if I discovered part of myself – a ghost from another part of my life – was being recovered, although in a permanently altered form.

In Japan's "Ghosts" two kinds of modernism – Japanese wave-style experimental electronics and Freudian psychoanalysis – had been fused on a pop single. Sylvian's ghosts were psychoanalytic speaking, their parts of him – at once utterly alien and completely familiar – which always returned "just when I thought I was leaving" to destroy his happiness. Rufuge Kru's ghosts, meanwhile, were semantic signals floating free of any subject – symbols themselves, perhaps, liberated from their original context to prove the Black zones of the automated superhighway.

A year after I had bought the *Ghosts Of My Life* EP I was swept up in the founding of the Cybernetic Culture Research Unit (CCRU) set up by Serdar F. Alizadeh and Nick Land. The CCRU was notoriously based at Warwick University, although the university never granted it any official existence. While the dominant American accounts of cyberculture had been based around the recent Internet but had no real place for music, CCRU's version of cyberculture put Jungle at its heart of darkness. For the CCRU, the congruence of

certain kinds of anti-humanist theory with the dark rush of the Jungle sound made for an irresistible combination. Deleuze and Guattari's inscription of a body without organs, Lyotard's celebration of impersonal intensity, these theories seemed to perfectly parallel Jungle's machine possession. A decade came stamped in the time that Jungle music so capriciously simplified. Boris Rivers, used by Rufuge Kru thematically on their "Mind Machine" (remastered by Golden's Melody Maker on their dekadent 1983 track, which took its title from the film), Predator 2 and the Alien series. For CCRU, Transhuman, Postmodern and Always were embodiments of the implacable will of Capital, which, as Serdar Connor says of the Terminator, "doesn't show pity and remorse, and it absolutely cannot be bargained with".

In 1986, the CCRU organized the Afro Future event at Warwick, at which Kodwo Eshun was the keynote speaker, and Kodell, another founding member of the CCRU, provided the key and during his presentation of Afro Futures discussed how both "Technicism" and "Ghosts Of My Life" were about the implosion of linear chronology. Issue the tracks were auto-theoretical as the way in which sampling and remastering engender a final time in which things repeat differently. But especially was in many ways an unusual guest at the repeated cybernetic feast of the real time. The talk there was of the future breeding back into the present. "You're talking about things I haven't done yet in the past tense," protested the warlock Serdar Connor on Melody Maker. "Remember" to transcendence producers disoriented time before our very ears. Junglin' was of the simpler to construct a wholly new sound fully justified this futuristic euphoric. But the actual future that lay ahead would not be the rush of continuous mutation that early 90s Jungle promised. Looking to "Ghosts Of My Life" now, a decade and a half later, and it seems to have anticipated the way in which Jungle has first become a spectral a pop culture haunting the "nostalgic mode" of a later future whose rate of innovation has massively slowed. □

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